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January 2, 1964 35¢

The Winter of Communism's Discontent

THE REPORTER

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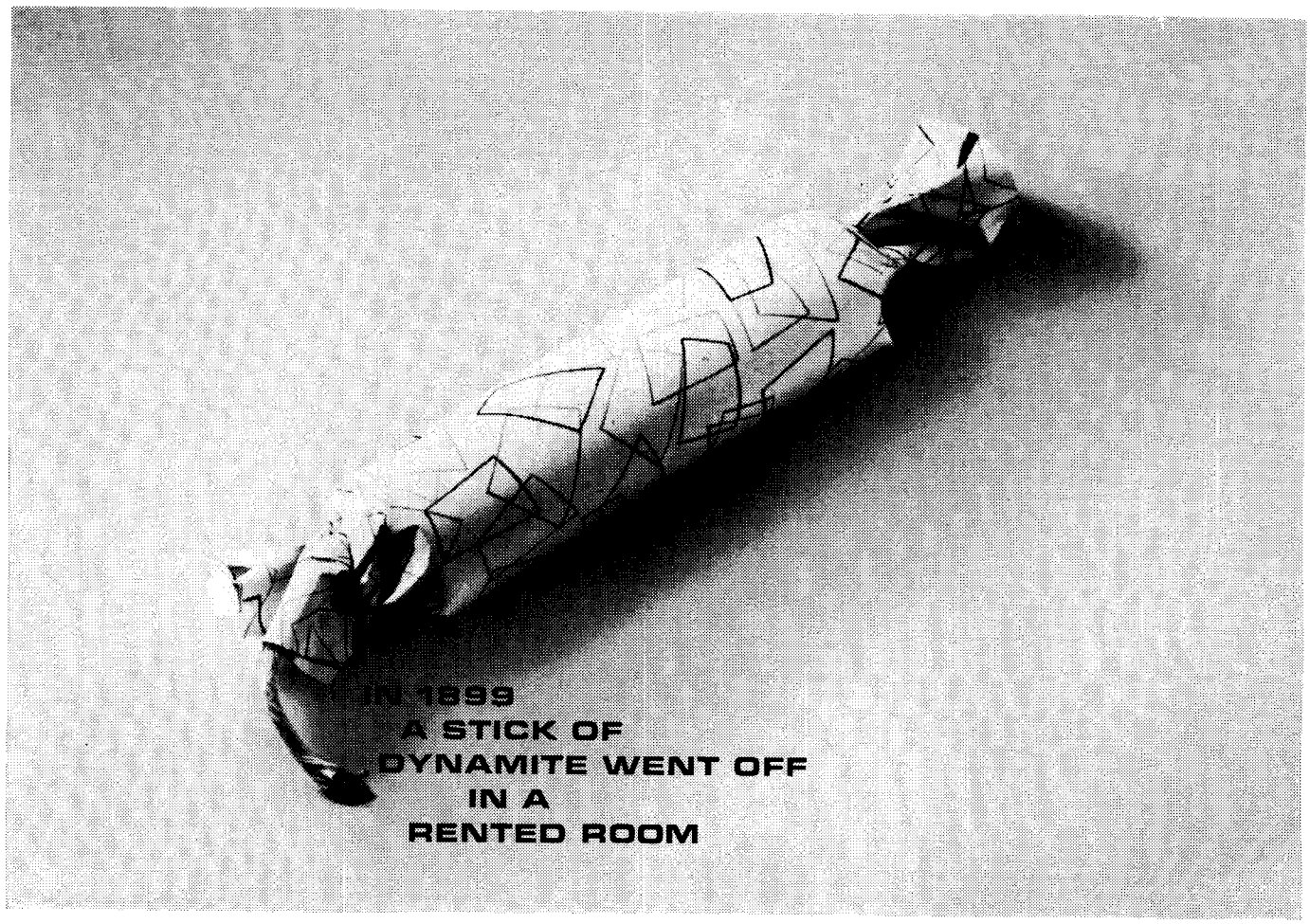

By day he taught economics at the University of Chicago, and edited its Journal of Political Economy.* By night he labored alone in a small room rented from a friend. His first book was to shatter the foundations of economic classicism, with reverberations that still shake the world today. The book was *The Theory of The Leisure Class*, its author – called by Lewis Mumford "a stick of dynamite wrapped up to look like a stick of candy" – Thorstein Veblen. Once again, the quietly pondered pages of a book had released a vast and revolutionary power. The University of Chicago Press has published its share of explosive books. Here, from our latest list, are some whose impact is still to be measured.

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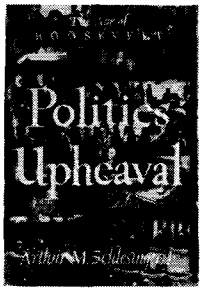

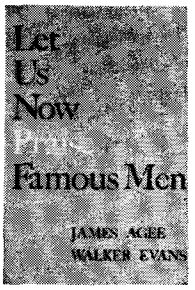

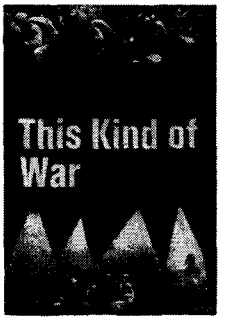

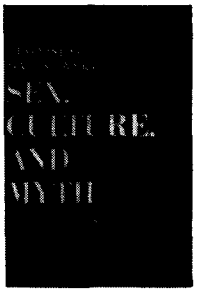

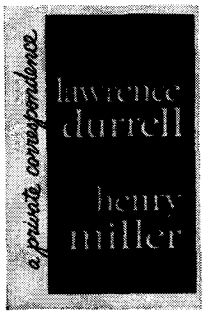

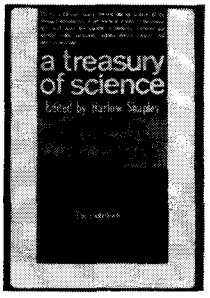

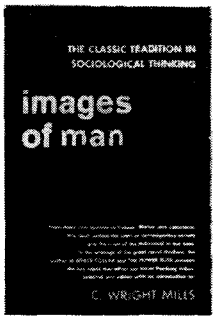

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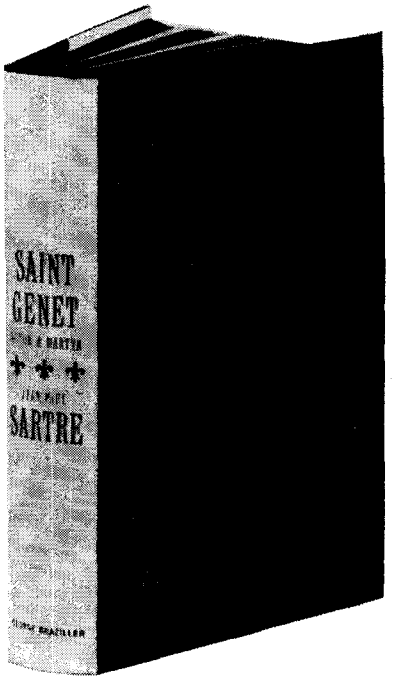

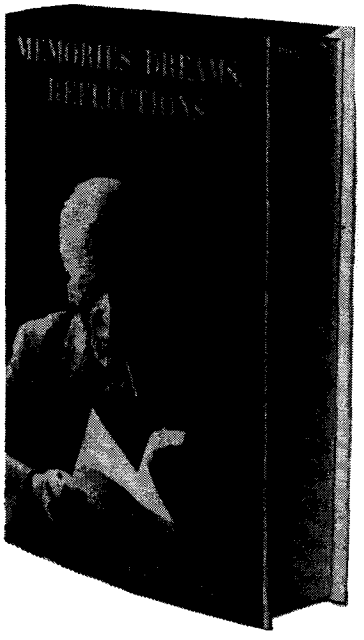

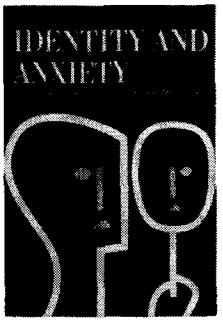

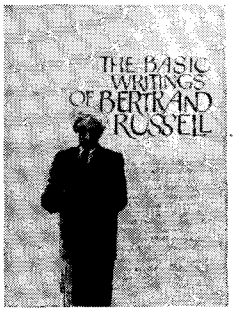

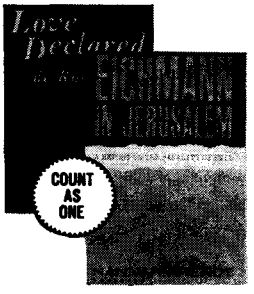

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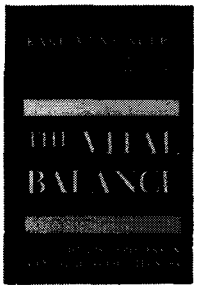

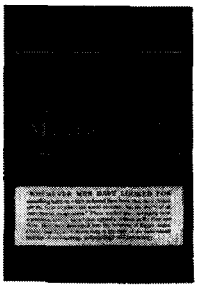
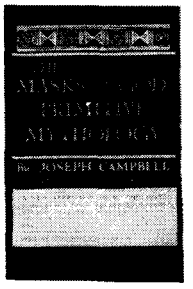

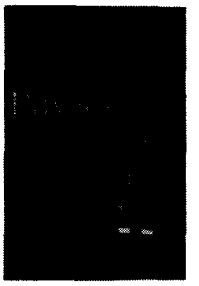

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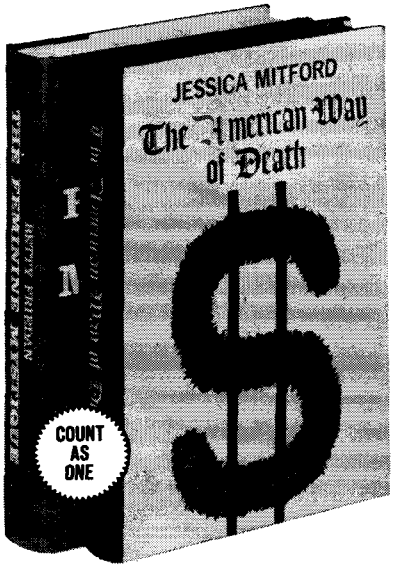

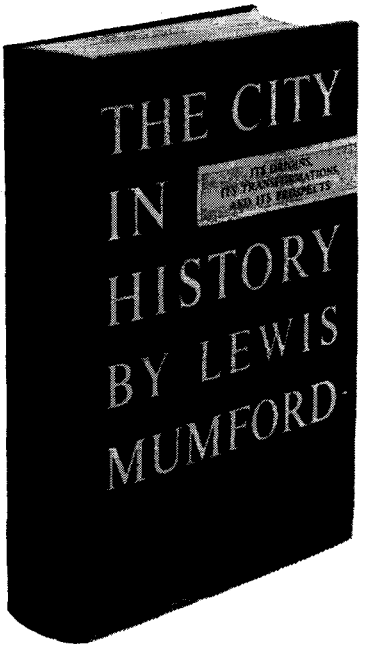

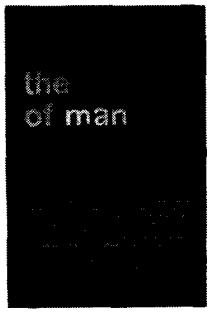

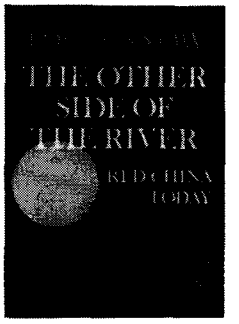

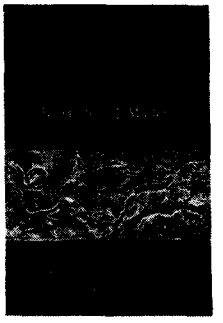

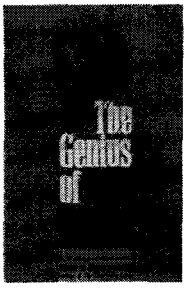

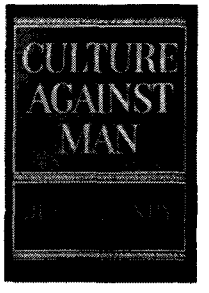

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Derailing a Myth

It takes three nights and two-and-a-half days for the fabled Orient Express to make its trip between Paris and Istanbul.

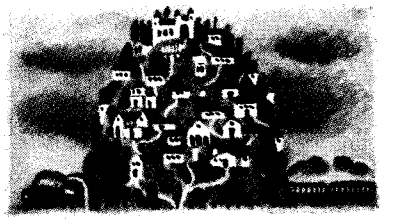
But on Tuesday night (January 7) at 10:00, NBC viewers will make the very same journey on the very same railroad in the space of an hour.

Lured by a Legend

Their guide on NBC News' "Orient Express" special will be correspondent Edwin Newman, who took the trip expressly (sic) to see if the ride was as full of mystery, knavery and international hokey-pokey as it's tracked up to be.

It turned out that the Paris-Istanbul stretch is about as much a roadbed-of-intrigue as the span between Penn Station and Oceanside. No one on board looked even remotely like Marlene Dietrich or Peter Lorre. No one was stabbed—either in a conspiracy or in a tunnel. And not a single passenger started a conversation with anything as cryptic as, "The lizard will beckon when the afternoon sun strikes the camel's left eye."

Instead, reporter Newman (playing it deadpan all the way) found himself on a trip characterized by a minimum of comfort, hot water and decent food. "The only real mystery," he reports, "was the disappearance of the dining car during the night."



Each time the train crossed the border there was a change of locomotive and crew. Steam engines were used for most of the journey, with the soot and cinders making it impossible for the passengers to keep a window open. Just before the climactic run into Istanbul, a switch was made to a sleek, electric locomotive, but this was a clear case of Turkish image-makers laying it on with a trowel. (You've heard of those Turkish trowels.)

Yet, despite all the discomforts, the trip (passing through seven nations in all) should prove fascinating to the NBC audience. The running view of the countryside; the along-the-route interviews with a porter, a food vendor and a Yugoslavian editor; and, above all, the good natured way in which reporter Newman punctures the whole "Orient Express" mystique, make this color special a truly unusual offering.

The program—produced by Lou Hazam—also underscores the fact that NBC News, the acknowledged leader in electronic journalism, does not confine its operations to news that's deadly serious and monumentally important. It should be said, however, that even a subject as buoyant as "Orient Express" calls for carloads of preparation.

Prelude to a Trip

It took weeks, for example, to wangle permission for filming the countryside of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. And in Paris' Gare de Lyon, electricians had to run special wiring across the four-story-high girders, so that the opening sequence on the Paris station's platform would be properly illuminated.

What's more, two cars had to be added to the train itself—a boxcar for all the camera equipment, and a sleeping car for Newman, associate producer Dan Karasik, director Tom Priestley and the rest of the network's 11-man team. Obviously, this was a journey taken in earnest. It just came *out* funny, that's all.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE NEW YEAR begins with new leaders in all of the major countries of the Western Alliance except France, where the massive and durable figure of Charles de Gaulle provides our only direct link with the times and events in which the alliance was forged. Looking back along the road we have traveled and ahead to uncharted territory, **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial that while faces may change, the problems stubbornly remain.

The attempts of the French politicians of the Left to form a new coalition against de Gaulle in the next presidential election are described by **Edmond Taylor,** whose latest book is *The Fall of the Dynasties: The Collapse of the Old Order, 1905-1922* (Doubleday). . . . The elaborate moves and countermoves in Berlin are fraught with significance for the fate of nations on both sides of that city's odious Wall, and another of our European correspondents, **George Bailey,** reminds us that the Communists are not above taking what political advantage they can out of even the reunion of families in the holiday season. And, of course, the traffic is all from west to east; if a few westerners remain we are certainly going to hear about it. . . . Of all the issues that strain the Western Alliance, nuclear defense is surely the most troublesome; in a report on the positions of the British parties, **Laurence W. Martin** notes that there is no shortage of volunteers for the role of "Honest Broker." Mr. Martin is a research associate with the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research, affiliated with the School of Advanced International Studies of The Johns Hopkins University.

THE EXPERIENCED French correspondent who represents *Le Figaro* of Paris in New York, **Léo Sauvage,** covered the tragic events in Dallas on the scene. Like many of us, he was disturbed by the laxity of the local law-enforcement authorities and by the inconsistencies in their various explanations of the crime. In view of the unresolved doubts, it is fortunate that President Johnson has created in the Warren commission a board of inquiry of the highest possible qualifications. . . . Just before Christmas, hundreds of African students in Moscow demonstrated against their treatment in the Soviet Union. **George Feifer,** a member of the CBS news staff, learned about race prejudice in Russia while attending Moscow University last year as a graduate student in law. . . . The economic and political strains within the Soviet bloc are approaching serious proportions, according to **Anatole Shub,** a Fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs. At present observing the East European scene from Belgrade, he has recently returned from a month in the Soviet Union and a swing through several satellite nations. . . . New Hampshire voters are about to decide whether their state will be the first in our history to raise money by selling chances on a sweepstakes. **Daniel F. Ford,** an editor at the University of New Hampshire publications office, reports that if the issue is decided as a choice between gambling and sales or income taxes, the Granite Staters will probably endorse the lottery.

THE PICTURE of a household in Khartoum by **Constance Wagner** is not painted in the distorting light of politics: the Sudanese who form it are concerned only with their own family affairs. Mrs. Wagner, who is on the staff of the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, recently spent a month in Khartoum visiting her daughter, who is married to a Sudanese. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** makes an appropriately glum New Year's appearance. . . . **Tom F. Driver's** answer to his question "What's the Matter with Edward Albee?" can be summed up with the one word "plenty." The Reverend Professor Driver teaches at the Union Theological Seminary in New York and is the author of *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama* (Columbia University Press). . . . **Nat Hentoff** is the author of *Peace Agitator: The Story of A. J. Muste* (Macmillan). . . . **Mark Schorer,** the author of *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill), available also in paperback (Dell), is professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley and has written short stories as well as criticism. . . . **Hilton Kramer** is working on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be published by Doubleday-Anchor.

Our cover, a scene outside Paris, is by **Gustave E. Nebel.**

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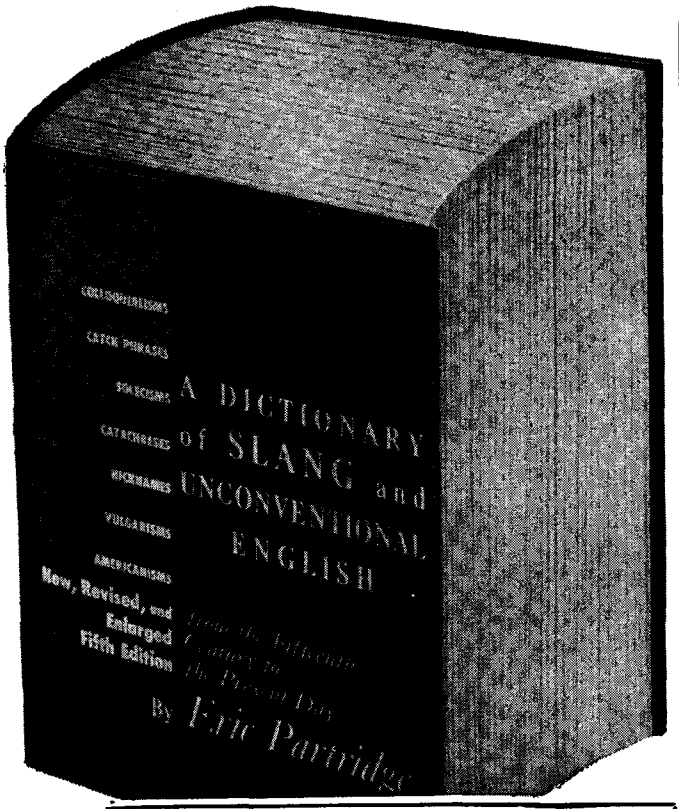

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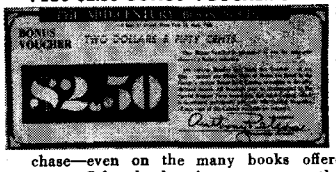

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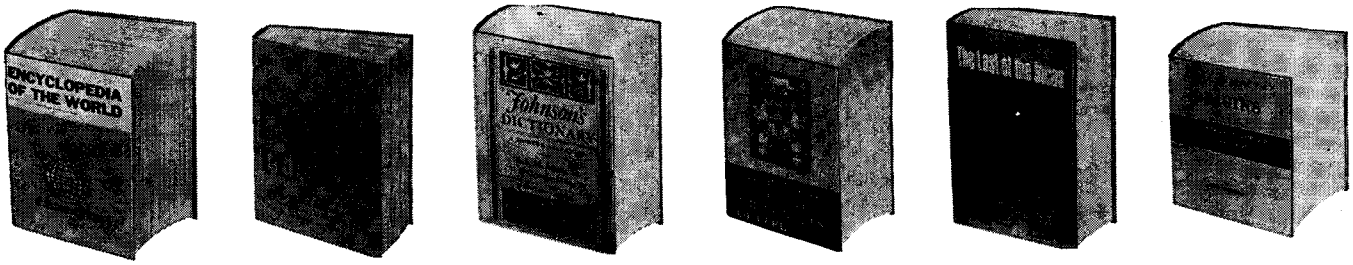

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CORRESPONDENCE

JFK

To the Editor: You caught the spirit of President Kennedy in your editorial of December 5, "The 22nd of November." He *was* faithful to his word and he *was* moving ahead. Alas, some of us were dragging our feet along the way. We will have to pick up the step now.

MILTON COLVIN, Chairman
Department of Political Science
Washington and Lee University
Lexington, Virginia

To the Editor: I know that although you supported John F. Kennedy for President in 1960 you have often been critical of his performance in office. Perhaps that is just the reason why I found your editorial on his assassination in the issue of December 5 one of the most moving statements I have seen on the tragic event. Truly we are all, as you say, somehow orphaned by the death of this young man. We like to think of ourselves as a young nation and somehow the young President, in good days and bad, symbolized a self-confident America of the 1960's. We are not apt to feel so confident again.

EDITH SIMONDS
Philadelphia

To the Editor: As we did not when Medgar Evans was murdered or when four little girls died in Sunday school, as we do not when the fraying fabric of our communities unravels in senseless violence reported in small stories at the bottoms of newspaper columns, now, when the President falls, we hesitate and say, "Lord, is it I?"

For clearly the murder of the President and the lynching of his assassin were not acts of individuals, however deranged. Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby were not whole persons. They were unassembled bits and fragments, driven by forces moving under the surface of our body politic. A callous wildness stirs in all of us, whether we will or no, and those without the rudder of reason or the anchor of a certain place in society are carried before it.

John Kennedy, Lee Oswald, and many others who are unnoted and unmourned were killed by the same beast. It is not the creature of the radical Right or of the irresponsible Left. Wherever reason is silent and sense of community falters, it takes possession. The Birchists who spat on Stevenson and the Marxist who shot down the President, and even the moderates who acquiesce in injustice, are moved recognizably by the same evil spirit.

The ugliness that erupted in Texas festers everywhere. Germany, the whole nation, went mad in the 1930's. In a different but just as tragic way, we must suddenly realize that it can happen here.

JOHN M. MATTHEW
Eureka Springs, Arkansas

THE SUCCESSION

To the Editor: It is unfortunate that in his timely article "The Line of Succession" (*The Reporter*, December 19), Lindsay Rogers neglected to deal with a new "must" for a revised Presidential succession law necessitated by the nuclear age. What happens if an H-bomb in a surprise attack wipes out all in the line of succession in the national government?

It seems obvious that the new succession law should provide that if none of the otherwise designated members of the national government survive, the succession should pass to the governors of the states in the order of the most populous at the last census. It has always amazed me that this consideration never seems to have struck any of the notables who have discussed the succession issue.

E. H. LEONI
New York City

COMPUTERS

To the Editor: Thomas O'Toole's article "White Collar Automation" (*The Reporter*, December 5) is most telling in its evidence of the need for more efficient and comprehensive retraining and re-employment programs in industry and by other private and public institutions. In this sense it complements A. H. Raskin's description in the same issue of unionized labor's frustrations in dealing with technological unemployment.

But granting (and applauding) the economic efficiencies possible through the use of such machines, management personnel and engineers still tell programmers what the problems are *and* what the decision rules must be to solve them; programmers cannot write satisfactory programs until these decision rules have been made wholly explicit, adequate for the problem, and non-self-contradictory; these programs cannot be successfully used until all the relevant variables have been measured (judged); finally, human beings learn a lot by using a computer, but the machine does not teach them any more than a slide rule "teaches" a high-school student how to do his trigonometry problems.

Regarding the "management" potential of computers, I believe with Vannevar Bush that "They will always be man's slaves, for a man can do without a machine and a machine cannot do without a man."

HAYWARD R. ALKER, JR.
Instructor in Political Science
Yale University
New Haven

To the Editor: I have installed a data-processing system in my own business and can testify that it has required enormous labor and diligence to keep from having more people after the installation.

In my experience there are two reasons.

First, even sophisticated data-processing engines are surprisingly limited in their storage and decision-making capacities in comparison to the 105-pound, self-propelled, self-maintaining, small-volume computer which is a good female clerk.

Second, the computers' ability to regurgitate all kinds of correlated information heretofore virtually impossible usually causes management to enlarge greatly the total amount of the information it scans. This generally offsets the laborsaving features.

STUART T. MARTIN
President, WCAX-TV
Burlington, Vermont

SANTO DOMINGO

To the Editor: There are two aspects of Donald A. Allan's article on the situation in the Dominican Republic (*The Reporter*, December 5) which I find disturbing.

First of all, he seems to assume that the civilian junta has an independent base in the nation, that the triumvirs operate independently of the military. They might like to, but in realistic terms the military has provided them with what fig leaves they have to cover their ideological nakedness. The election a year ago indicated that the U.C.N. leadership could not obtain a popular mandate, so they must, willy-nilly, be the stooges of the men with the guns.

Second, I do not have Mr. Allan's difficulty in distinguishing the "good guys" from the "bad guys": "good guys" supported a freely elected democratic government; "bad guys" participated in its overthrow. Whether Juan Bosch and his administration were competent or incompetent is wholly irrelevant. There would have been another free election had Bosch remained. And if the U.C.N. was correct in its conviction that Bosch was losing public favor, it presumably would have won that election.

Finally, as a witness at one of the "inflammatory" rallies of the Christian Reaffirmation last August, I can certify that Rafael Bonilla's tendentious bellowing cleared the Plaza Colón faster than the riot squad. It was the total *failure* of legitimate political opposition to rally public support which triggered the coup. The military lost patience with the egregious incompetence of its civilian allies and took the destruction of Bosch's government into its own hands.

JOHN P. ROCHE
Morris Hillquit Professor of
Labor & Social Thought
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

KUDOS FOR KRAHN

To the Editor: Bravo for Fernando Krahn's drawings! They have become a delightful feature in your magazine, and their wry wit is surely unique.

EDWARD FULLER
New Orleans

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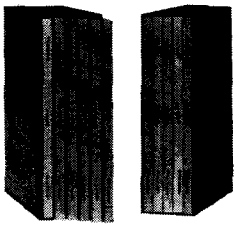

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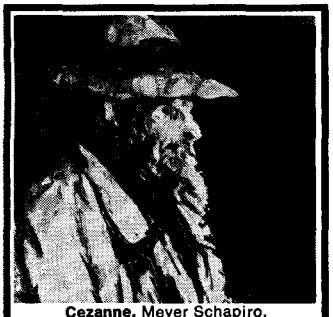

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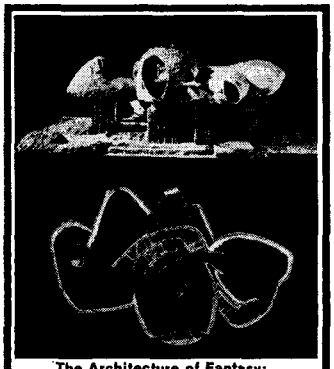

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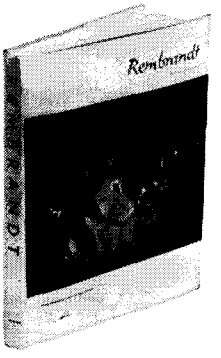

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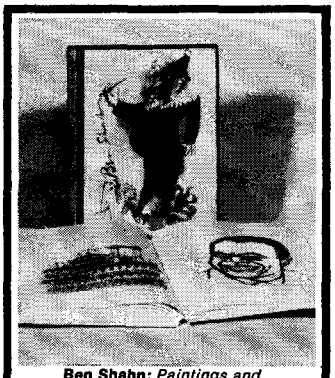

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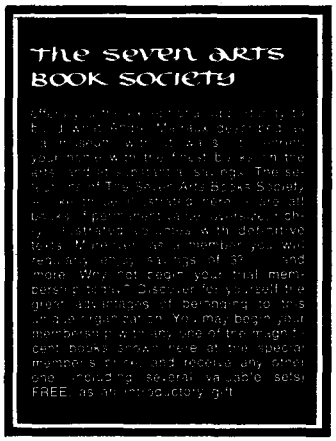

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Parenthesis in Italy

ROME

Now that Premier Aldo Moro has finally put together his center-left government, Italians are beginning to wonder if this is the real Opening to the Left they've been arguing about all these years. While the leftwing Socialists have joined the government, which was supposed to be the whole point of the operation, they have joined on terms that seem almost too good to be true. The new cabinet is pro-Western and anti-Communist enough to satisfy the most conservative wing of the Christian Democratic Party. And yet it is so different from what the radical Left sought that the shape of still another, and far more leftist, government is already clear on the horizon before this one even gets under way.

The next government would be controlled by two politicians who have pointedly refused to take part personally in the present one—former Christian Democratic Premier Amintore Fanfani and the doctrinaire of Socialist extremism, Riccardo Lombardi—both of whom appear to regard Moro's cabinet as a "parenthesis," to use Fanfani's word, in Italian political life. Although not formally in the opposition (not yet, at any rate), Fanfani and Lombardi evidently feel that Moro hasn't a hope of reaching Italy's Communist-oriented working class through the "good" Socialists he has lured into his cabinet. To do that, as they see it, a government would have to open far enough leftward to accommodate the other kind of Socialists as well—the kind who, rather than break with the Communists, have voted against Moro's cabinet and announced that they were going to form their own Socialist Party of proletarian unity, taking nearly half of the old Socialist Party along with them.

Lest there be any doubt as to just how open such an opening would be, the Communists' general secretary, Palmiro Togliatti, has supplied some particulars. Rising to oppose Moro's cabinet, Togliatti assured parliament that an "encounter" between the Catholic and Communist movements here was historically inevitable, and that Fanfani had actually been preparing the way for this when he formed the first experimental center-left cabinet in 1962. The Fanfani cabinet, Togliatti went on, had grown out of a "collective search" by the Christian Democratic, Socialist, and Communist Parties for a "common objective—the country's democratic renewal—expressed in diverse forms and tones"; and if this process had been arrested abruptly by the advent of Moro's government, the interruption would perforce be brief. The new government was not only "weak and undermined by grave internal contradictions," he explained, but also lacked the participation of the "most qualified and authoritative exponents of the center-left policy," namely Fanfani and Lombardi. It was doomed, therefore, to "collide with the realities of national life" before very long.

One of the realities that Moro will be colliding with shortly is an imposing array of strikes scheduled by the Communist (and Socialist) labor federation, the CGIL. Since Italy is already facing a serious threat of inflation, a fresh round of wage increases coming on top of a sixteen per cent increase during the last year would be likely to throw the economic situation entirely out of control. While the "good" Socialists in Moro's cabinet are committed to resist the workers' demands, the other kind of Socialists will be where they've always been, fighting at Togliatti's side. The strain of resisting them on such an issue would be all but intolerable for the Socialist ministers in Moro's cabinet. The Socialists' internal drama would then be another of the realities Togliatti was referring to, and the collision in this case might be fatal.

If Moro's cabinet has survived weeks of nerve-racking negotiations, it is mainly because no practical alternative has seemed to offer itself to all the parties concerned. With his customary lucidity, however, Togliatti has blandly pointed out the error in this logic. While there may be no practical alternative to a center-left coalition as such in the new Italian parliament, there are evidently at least two kinds of center-left coalitions to choose between: Moro's kind, and the kind looming on the horizon. The formation of Moro's government, therefore, has altered rather than settled the argument that has brought five governments down in as many years. The question is no longer whether a coalition of Christian Democrats and Socialists should run Italy for the next five years: The question now is how far to the left the coalition can be dragged.

—CLAIRE STERLING

Back to the Oval Room

"I went swimming with the President last night and he asked me to invite some friends in for coffee. So I thought I would invite you." With those words, White House Secretary Pierre Salinger a few weeks ago informed reporters who had turned up for a routine noontime briefing that they were about to attend Lyndon Johnson's first Presidential press conference instead. Never let it be said that the press is different from plain folks. On that occasion its representatives showed themselves to be as puzzled by change as the mossbacks on Capitol Hill and almost as susceptible to stage fright in the Presidential presence as a visiting troop of

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If you don't like
music
science
history
drama
satire
sports
and
news

don't watch television in January

The Wizard of Oz and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, scientists at work and athletes at play, critical analysis and irreverent spoof. Television in the new year offers still more for the growing diversity of tastes and interests that is America. Consider the listings below. The scope is broad. The choice is yours.

Some Programs of Special Interest

Years of Crisis
Correspondents analyze current issues.
Wednesday, January 1 (7:30-8.30 PM)

Victor Borge at Carnegie Hall
Guests: Leonid Hambro, piano, and Sergio Franchi, tenor.
Thursday, January 2 (9-10 PM)

The Good Old Days
Panorama of U.S. life a century ago.
Sundays, January 5 & 12 (12:30-1 PM)

Orient Express
Documentary on the Paris-Istanbul train renowned in fact and fiction.
Tuesday, January 7 (10-11 PM)

That Was The Week That Was
Satirical review of current events.
Fridays, beginning January 10 (9:30-10 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1776
A turning point in the struggle for political democracy.
Sunday, January 12 (1-2 PM)

Bird's-Eye View of America
Helicopter survey of man-made change.
Sunday, January 12 (4-5 PM)

Science All-Stars
Science award projects by young people.
Sundays, beginning January 12 (4:30-5 PM)

Tomorrow Was Yesterday
Major scientific advances since World War II.
Wednesday, January 15 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Rodger Young
Dramatized biography of a war hero.
Friday, January 17 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lucia di Lammermoor (in English)
Donizetti's tragic opera, from the novel by Sir Walter Scott. A new production.
Sunday, January 19 (2-4 PM)

The Art of Collecting
Aline Saarinen conducts a "tour" of art treasures from private collections.
Sunday, January 19 (10-11 PM)

The Restless Sea
A Walt Disney production on oceanography in the Bell System Science series.
Friday, January 24 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Judy Garland in the children's classic.
Sunday, January 26 (6-8 PM)

IX Winter Olympics,
From Innsbruck, Austria.
January 29-30-31 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: *CBS Reports/Chronicle*

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '64/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/One of a Kind/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's *Wonderful World of Color.*

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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Brownies from Sioux Falls. Those whose bureaus ordinarily prepare lists of questions to be asked in particular order were in the position of ambassadors without instructions. Others didn't even seem to know it was a press conference. And if it was, were they supposed to rise when they asked a question? And if so, what did you do with your coffee cup? Anyway, as several reporters afterwards agreed, it didn't seem quite courteous to ask harsh questions of the host who had just poured your coffee. "If there is anything you would like to ask me, I would be glad to answer," said the President in an attempt to give his guests their bearings. "Will you be here today?" came the first query.

For better or for worse, the downright humanity of that encounter stood in marked contrast to the impersonal television show into which the Presidential press conference has evolved through the last three administrations. In our view, the new format has features both better and worse. On the negative side, it denies the President a chance to explain and/or lobby for his program on prime TV time, and it denies many reporters a chance to ask him questions. Three to four hundred reporters were in the habit of attending President Kennedy's sessions in the State Department Auditorium. Those sessions, however, had proved unsatisfactory to the press in many respects. Indeed, some of them had gone so far as to suggest that reporters' questions be screened in advance by a board of their most distinguished colleagues—news management, as it were, in sheep's clothing. The problem of the big televised free-for-all is that it is neither very free nor for all. Both the President and his interrogators are performing. He must appear to be bright, quick, and informed. He can initiate discussion only by the formal opening statement or by the planted question. For their part, the reporters who win out in the near-hysterical competition to be recognized can rarely get an answer amplified or press on if the President is evasive. In other words, the Presidential press conference had become less a discussion than a two-way show. It gave the President a chance to seem to have answered questions he had not, and it gave reporters a chance to leave all manner of murky doubts in the public mind—as was the case two years ago, for example, when, in the process of asking the President a question, Sarah McClendon blithely characterized two State Department employees as "security risks." In the past few years, reporters leaving the auditorium have tended to pass judgment on the press conference as one might on a high-wire bicycle act: "He was good today." Or, "He was off form."

For all its drawbacks, the big televised press conference probably should not be abandoned. But we think President Johnson has a point in suggesting that he might "mix" the large and the small, the scheduled and the impromptu press sessions. He made the remark at his second press conference, a casual (though coffeeless) event that took place around the desk in his oval office. The atmosphere was both serious and relaxed. The questioners and the man answering seemed to have some relation to one another. A slip of the lip didn't necessarily mean that a government somewhere would fall or a precinct be lost forever to the party in power. The possibility of getting information seemed vastly enhanced. President Johnson, it has been said, prefers the small sessions because he is more "effective" in them than he would be in the big, live, rapid-fire show. Be that as it may, it crosses our mind that the reporters might be more effective in them too.

What's Fit to Print?

One month before he was assassinated, President John F. Kennedy granted a private interview to Jean Daniel, foreign editor of the French weekly *L'Express*, a lively journal that, to remain so, has not been known to avoid sensationalism. No one else was present, and Daniel, by his own account, took no notes. Whether the conversation was on or off the record seems to be a matter of some dispute. White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger states that it was off. Daniel asserts that just what was to be on and what was to be off the record was a matter President Kennedy said he would decide later—specifically after Daniel returned from a trip to Cuba and an interview with Castro.

We have to take Daniel's word on this, because the President was murdered in Dallas while Daniel was talking with Castro in Cuba. Two weeks after the assassination, Daniel undertook to decide himself what was on and what was off the record, and thereupon delivered himself of an astonishing document purporting to be a kind of dialogue between President Kennedy and Premier Castro, with himself as the peripatetic moderator.

Daniel's account of what President Kennedy told him has already produced considerable perturbation, and Salinger has specifically denied Daniel's suggestion that the President had indicated the U.S. expected the Soviet Union to stay out of Cuba as a kind of quid pro quo for the West's refusal to intervene in the Hungarian revolution of 1956.

We think that another statement attributed by Daniel to President Kennedy is also in need of emphatic denial. This is the statement in which Daniel has President Kennedy say:

"I think that there is not a country in the world, including all the regions of Africa and including any country under colonial domination, where the economic colonialization, the humiliation, the exploitation have been worse than those which ravaged Cuba, the result, in part, of the policy of my country during the Batista regime."

For sheer fatuity, this statement seems to us without parallel. We do not believe that it, or anything like it, was ever uttered by President Kennedy. We believe that the kindest interpretation that can be put upon the decision to attribute this outrageous utterance to Mr. Kennedy is to conclude that Daniel's zeal outperformed his memory.

We were not too surprised when we read the story in *L'Express*. But we were dismayed when we saw it in the New York *Times*, unaccompanied by the sort of explanation that appeared the next day. What is served, we asked, by the publication of such unverifiable assertions? Certainly not the truth.

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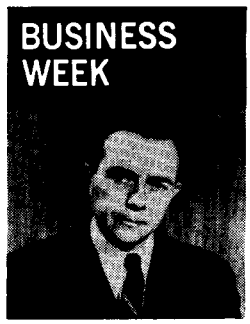

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- **BUSINESS AT HOME: Autos—What does Chrysler's Townsend have up his sleeve for 1964? What's GM's next move car-wise, stock-wise?**
- **FINANCE: Caught between both houses of Congress, Export-Import Bank is "technically non-existent"—costing traders $230 million in lost sales. What's the wrangle? What can straighten it out?**
- **LATIN AMERICA: Is Castro putting the screws on his campesinos? How can he make them work harder? What happens if Russia pulls its aid out and how will this affect U.S. business?**
- **ASIAN AFFAIRS: China—Where does she stand in the atom race? Does Russia dare challenge its Frankenstein monster? What's the basic difference between Khrushchevites and Chinese Marxists?**
- **MIDDLE EAST DEVELOPMENTS: Is Nasser's dream of Pan-Arabism just a mirage? What keeps Syria out of the U.A.R.?**
- **INDUSTRY: Has Russia really pulled out of the man-on-the-moon race? If so, should we curb our own program? How will this affect the U.S. aerospace industry?**
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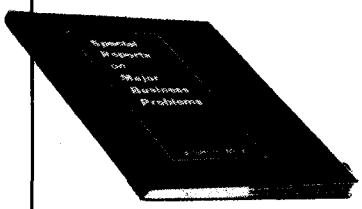

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MAX ASCOLI

A Prayer for Reason

NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE was the year when two men named John died, and those two deaths shook people all over the world with a grief no one could ever have foreseen and no one will ever forget. Men of all religions and of no religion prayed during the long agony of Pope John, for he was a man who had given himself to peace as St. Francis to poverty. Universal popular will made him a saint, skipping canonical procedure and without awaiting the opinion of a Devil's Advocate.

Something of the same kind happened with the other John. Here in this country we are still amazed by the reverberations from all over the world of the same shock that hit us during those days. The young man had been a holder of secular power —an earthly power of leadership, of liberal traditions, accompanied and burdened by power of unlimited destruction. During his brief tenure, he had lent to man's hopes for peace the brilliance and the dash of youth.

His successor has exactly the same devotion to peace. Our Presidents since the end of the war have known that peace is not something to be sought as a condition of ideal perfection, or as a terminal point of history. This is, in fact, the Communists' ultimate conception of peace, and this is the main reason why the attainment of any measure of peace is such a hard, endless undertaking.

Negotiations, it is commonly said, are the best means to confront our opponents and test out where the areas of agreement lie. By and large, our national leaders have been right in insisting on their willingness to debate with the Communists on any controversial point where there is any reasonable prospect of a settlement. But negotiation cannot be considered a cure-all, or an end in itself to be cherished irrespective of the price imposed on us.

Negotiations are a multi-layered affair—so multi-layered and many-sided that their chances of success do not lend themselves to measurement according to distance and rate of speed. Trade negotiations, for instance, can be useful and profitable, since it is good for people to get in touch with each other, to exchange things, to share information. This is even more eminently true of technical or scientific data, for there is no advantage for either side in the backwardness of the other.

IT IS IN THIS AREA that we clash with an obstacle that will remain insurmountable as long as the present Soviet régime stays in power. Khrushchev himself has put it most clearly, and has acted accordingly: there cannot be any possible coexistence in the realm of ideologies. Of course he is for competitive coexistence in a number of other fields, and he is sure the competition will be won by the Communists. But he is for the universal export of the Communist ideology without any sort of reciprocal trade agreement with our own ideologies and beliefs.

In our country, the ban on ideological coexistence has aroused rather bland reactions. It has been taken as a bigoted expression of sectarian opinion. With our beliefs in freedom, the sanctity of the human person and the like, safely enshrined, we are leery of ideologies and parsimonious in the production of ideas. Why should we bother with Khrushchev's opinions, provided of course they are not shared by anybody here? If ideologies are not negotiable, we take it in our stride.

Equally non-negotiable is the Communist International, and most particularly the network of Communist Parties in allied countries. These parties have made a remarkable comeback lately in some of the major nations of the Atlantic Community, where they are most actively maneuvering to return to power through some form of Popular Front government. At the present time, the secular branch of the Communist ideology works on two levels: in the diplomatic network of major and minor powers; in the domestic politics of a number of countries where the prevailing trend toward relaxation of tension is reflected and energized.

The West, and most particularly our nation, can—and must—negotiate with the Soviet Union about any measure of reduction of armaments that may maintain the balance between the two sides. Here, no matter with how much guesswork on our part, the strength of both is somehow ascertainable, and it is generally assumed there is a balance. But we have no way of balancing the strength of the Communist International. Here we can do precious little, aside from being wise in dealing with our partners, respectful toward those allied leaders who, in their attitude toward us, exhibit that diversity which we welcome everywhere else. It is difficult to conceive that there can be any difference between us and France that is not negotiable.

NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE has been a year of stirring, sometimes overwhelming, emotions. Let us devoutly hope that Nineteen Sixty-four will be more merciful to us, and allow us to regain the discipline of reason.

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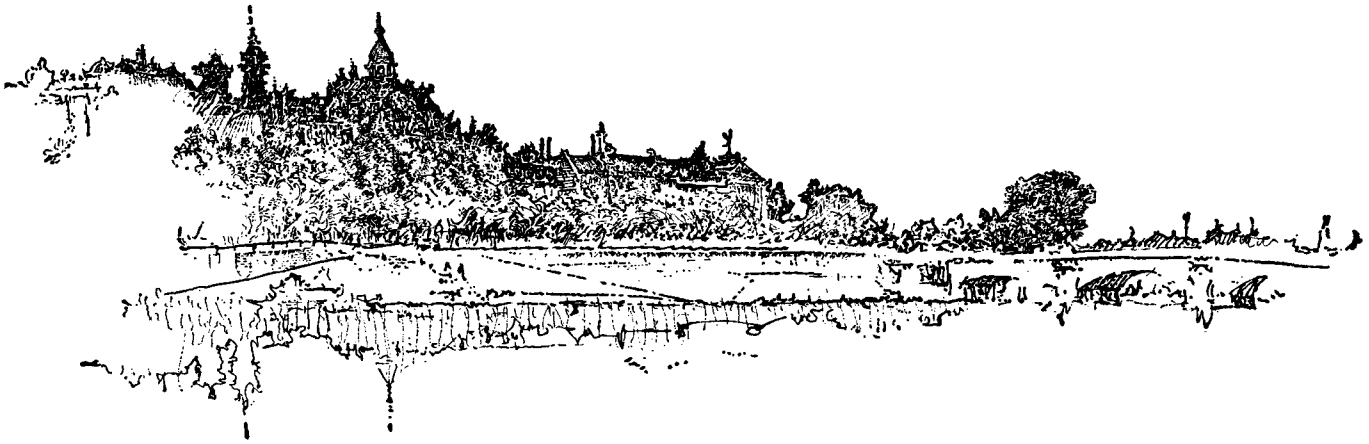

Rumblings on the Left

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

NEAR THE CLOSE of a nine-hour discussion in the Kremlin early in November between Nikita Khrushchev and a delegation of high-level French Socialists, one of the visitors reminded his host of a slogan coined in 1928 to sum up the Communists' policy toward their Socialist brothers —"Pluck the chicken"—and asked if it still applied. "No," Khrushchev replied, "the bird is too small for us." Former Premier Guy Mollet retorted: "In Europe, though, it [the Socialist chicken] still seems to interest you." "The Russian," a member of the French delegation noted in his diary, "broke out in a loud laugh . . . a laugh that revealed more than a whole speech."

The cannibalistic humor of the exchange was pointed up for the French by the remarkably frank and explicit clarifications that Khrushchev had already supplied in regard to certain aspects of his coexistence doctrine. "We have no objections," the Soviet leader had explained, "to the working class taking power through legal, even parliamentary means, on condition that it uses violence to crush those who might attempt to keep it from remaining in power. It is not for us to be tolerant."

All the foregoing quotations were given to the pro-governmental weekly *Candide* by representatives of a minority faction in the French delegation who presumably were disturbed by the euphoria of their colleagues. But the accuracy of the quotations has not been challenged in more orthodox Socialist circles. In a signed article published by the weekly *L'Express*, the left-wing Socialist leader Albert Gazier gives his version of Khrushchev's words on one key point in terms that sound even more ominous than those reported by the right-wing minority. "[Khrushchev's] concern not to appear an innovator," notes M. Gazier in his diary-style report, "leads him into making the one psychological mistake of the day. A single-party régime is not necessary in all cases [after the victory of the workers], he says, and he illustrates his point by citing the names of Fierlinger, Grotewohl, Ebert, etc. The effect misfires. On the other hand, Khrushchev makes a real impression on us when he reminds us that members of the opposition are no longer put to death in the U.S.S.R."

In the context of his other brutally frank statements about what the dictatorship of the proletariat means to him, Khrushchev's allusion to his Czech and German puppets gave the French Socialists as clear an answer as anyone could ask for to the question that in part at least had prompted their pilgrimage to Moscow: What, assuming that the developing co-operation between Socialists and Communists in France leads some day to the bloodless victory of the proletariat, would be the postrevolutionary role of a democratic Socialist Party? With that crucial issue so unequivocally settled, one might suppose that the French Socialists from now on would take care to keep a safe distance from the Communists. A minority in the party does in fact argue for such a course. Even the leaders of the majority seem to have returned slightly shaken by their talk with Comrade Khrushchev. The apparent pause in the East-West détente that has followed the assassination of President Kennedy may also have slowed down somewhat the trend toward a new Popular Front in France. The movement, however, has not yet been reversed or even halted. The Socialist chickens occasionally emit some worried clucks, they screw their heads nervously around, and hesitate and scurry this way or that, but they keep heading toward the chopping block.

Dialogue with Danger

Since the Socialist convention last June, when Mollet eradicated the pro-Popular Front opposition to his leadership by putting himself at the head of it, the most striking manifestation of the political death wish that seems to be driving the French Socialists has been the Moscow trip itself. Inevitably, the implication was that Mollet and his fellow pilgrims were seeking some kind of guarantee from Khrushchev for the good behavior of the French Communists so as to facilitate a closer alliance be-

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tween the two parties. Just as inevitably, Khrushchev loftily told his guests that they were raising purely French issues that were no concern of his. (A recent article in *Le Figaro* apparently based on information from French Communist sources maintained, however, that after lengthy argument with Mollet, Khrushchev agreed that the French Communists should make some doctrinal concessions in furtherance of left-wing unity, provided the Socialists also made concessions.) To increase the confusion, the French group made the trip not as high-level tourists but as guests of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which to many seemed to hint some kind of moral affiliation with international Communism. According to some authorities on the canon law of western Marxism, the French technically violated the statutes of the Socialist International, to which they belong, by accepting the Soviet invitation in this form. George Brown of the British Labour Party is reported to have delivered some scathing comments on the matter during a recent banquet in Paris attended by both Socialist and non-Socialist parliamentarians of the Western European Union.

Immediately after the return of the Mollet delegation from Moscow, the Socialists joined with the Communists and various other left-wing parties or organizations in a nationwide series of public meetings protesting against President de Gaulle's independent French nuclear deterrent and demanding that France sign a nuclear test-ban treaty with the Soviet Union. One of the Socialist chiefs who marched side by side with local Communist bosses in the anti-*force de frappe* parades was Gaston Defferre, the mayor of Marseilles, onetime leader of the party's anti-Communist stalwarts, and now the likeliest presidential candidate of the new Popular Front.

In January the Socialists, who are now engaged in trying to coax various splinter groups of the Left back under the Socialist roof, will open a public dialogue with the Communists on the problems of collaboration. *Le Monde* comments: "This discussion in the marketplace, which has been prepared by more discreet encounters and which will doubtless be followed up by others, might well later on turn into true negotiations aimed at defining both the limits and the nature of common action against the régime. A new step will thus have been taken: after electoral agreements at the local level the two parties now head toward an accord at the summit."

For all practical purposes, the Socialist "dialogue" with the Communists was opened by Mollet at a political banquet held at Albi in the southwest. The misgivings that many Socialists feel at the prospect of rapprochement with the Communists were manifest in the sometimes truculent tone Mollet adopted toward his prospective allies: "If we are supposed to be your dupes, you've lost out in advance," he warned the numerous Communist guests present. "Yes or No, do you favor the single party? If it's 'Yes,' we'll never march together with you. We favor a common program but not a common party." But the determination to go ahead in collaborating with the Communists despite all the misgivings it generates seemed no less evident in other parts of Mollet's speech. He promised that if the Republic appeared to be endangered, the Socialists "would not ask their neighbors to produce their calling cards" before joining them in the defense of liberty. What cheered the Communists more than anything else, however, was Mollet's renewed assurances of Khrushchev's pacific intentions and the violence of the Socialist leader's attacks on the Gaullist régime. "Are we going to see France help China construct its atomic bomb?" Mollet asked. "All this wouldn't surprise me at all." Hailing these aspects of the speech, the editorialist of the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, after politely disagreeing with Mollet on several other points, wound up by declaring cheerfully, "That's why we continue to think that nothing need upset the development of unity of action between Socialists and Communists."

A LESS SPECTACULAR but basically more disturbing symptom of the French Socialists' evolution is the change in their foreign-policy attitudes, notably toward the German problem, since their leaders' talks in Moscow. There have been few overt manifestations of the change, but it has been revealed in private talks or meetings with non-Socialist French politicians and with other European Socialists.

I noted the phenomenon myself during an off-the-record talk around the middle of November with a member of the French delegation recently returned from Moscow. The impression produced on me was all the stronger because I knew that he belonged to the anti-Communist faction that was disturbed by certain implications of the trip. One word kept cropping up in our talk: *"immobilisme."* The entire French delegation, I gathered, had come away from Moscow convinced that western "immobilism" in regard to the German question had lasted too long. It was imperative to display dynamism and flexibility in seeking a solution. In response to a question about Khrushchev's mobility, my friend explained that it was precisely because Soviet immobilism was so absolute that western flexibility was required. Khrushchev had made it plain that he considered the present frontiers of Germany, including the Berlin Wall, fixed for all time. The Soviet dictator had expressed mild interest in the idea of a nonaggression pact between the Warsaw bloc and the NATO powers that Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium and now Sir Alec Douglas-Home have been promoting of late, but it appeared to be a secondary preoccupation. What he really wanted, the French Socialists were told, was the western signature on a German peace treaty formally recognizing the East German régime and accepting as definitive the present lines of demarcation —in other words, underwriting the permanent division of Germany. When I suggested that this might be a rather large pill for the German public—and even for the German Social Democrats—to swallow, my friend made perhaps his most revelatory comment. "You may be right," he said, "but we can't afford to let the Germans hold a power of veto on the détente, can we?"

I couldn't help remembering how certain Frenchmen—including a large number of French Socialists whom I interviewed here during the summer of 1938—used to talk about the Sudeten problem and the importance

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of not letting the Czechs have a veto on peace. Today the leadership of the French Socialist Party appears in a somewhat similar manner to have ceased considering the Germans in the Federal Republic as full-fledged partners in the European Economic Community or NATO. Thus, the delegate I interviewed was in favor of a European nuclear deterrent, providing the Germans had nothing to do with it, and opposed the Washington-sponsored multilateral force because it would involve German participation—a matter, he said, on which Khrushchev had very strong views. Mollet has given public expression to the same underlying Socialist attitude. In a recent exclusive interview in the crypto-Communist *Liberation,* Mollet attacked the French deterrent on the ground that it opened the door for other countries to claim their own deterrents: "for example Germany; for example, any more or less democratic and bellicose state."

The sudden epidemic of more or less camouflaged anti-German feeling that has broken out among the French Socialist leaders since their visit with Khrushchev probably serves better than any ideological palavers to draw them closer to the Communists, and at the same time it deepens the already wide ditch that now divides them from political leaders of the Center and Center Left who were once their allies in the movement for European unity. This situation is said to be causing deep concern to Jean Monnet, who has been working behind the scenes —so far with few visible results—to stem the Socialist defection from what up to now has been the European and Atlantic ideal.

Dr. Spaak's Diagnosis

According to some reports, even the British Labour leader Harold Wilson is worried by the present neutralist, anti-German trend of the French Socialists. To counterbalance it he is reported to be sedulously courting his German Social Democratic brothers. If this curious intelligence turns out to be true, Wilson will be atoning in some measure for what the British and several other European Socialists have contributed toward building up the neutralist climate of opinion that has so strongly influenced the French party. For years the French representatives in the Socialist International were criticized by the other Europeans, especially the British and the Scandinavians, for being too uncritical in their support of NATO, too subservient to American foreign policy, too soft on de Gaulle, and too blind to the danger of West German militarism. It would seem that they have finally taken the criticisms to heart.

Even before the French delegation left for Moscow, the chief French Socialist leaders, starting with Mollet, had been more than half won over to the idea of a nonaggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw bloc as a result of talks last summer with Spaak. It would be misleading, however, to consider the Belgian foreign minister's advocacy of this project—which as secretary-general of NATO he scathingly denounced—as a specifically Socialist phenomenon. Though he still has some influence among European Socialists, few of them consider him a truly representative Socialist leader. Insofar as he is illustrative of anything except his own volatile temperament, Spaak can be looked upon as a kind of outrider for the British Foreign Office. This is a position he has occupied on numerous occasions since pre-Munich times, when both championed the cause of appeasement. This relationship should be taken into account in evaluating not only the significance of Dr. Spaak's crusade for the nonaggression pact—which looked like a personal aberration until Sir Alec took it up a few months later—but the present attitude of the French Socialists toward various international problems.

"I trust you agree with your colleague Spaak about the desirability of a nonaggression pact," Khrushchev declared in greeting his French guests, and when the conversation got around to Germany he assured them that President Kennedy (still alive at the time), Douglas-Home, and de Gaulle all agreed with him on the need for acknowledging the permanent division of Germany. A full report on the talk with Khrushchev was handed by the French Socialists to an official of the West German Embassy in Moscow who they believed enjoyed the special confidence of Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder. (Apparently they did not take any special steps to inform their Socialist colleagues in Germany about the talks.) Up to the present it does not appear that any western government, including the government of the Federal Republic, has made a move to correct the impression created in the minds of the French Socialist leaders by Khrushchev's "revelations."

A number of French Socialists are honestly convinced that there is a substantial gap between declared western policy in regard to the German question—including Berlin—and the kind of settlement the several governments might be prepared to accept if public opinion is not too upset. They see no disloyalty to the western or national causes in maneuvering within this supposed gap; and with certain western governments—the British, for example—providing such an equivocal example, it is hard to blame them. As Spaak remarked in a press conference (according to the Agence France-Presse) after talks with Secretary Gomulka and other Polish leaders in Warsaw in December, "The problem of frontiers is not ripe, but in the secrecy of ministerial cabinets it is permissible to exchange ideas that it would not be advisable to repeat in public."

SPAAK'S VISIT to Warsaw finally elicited a formal diplomatic protest from the Federal Republic. It was motivated partly by Spaak's public statements after his return but principally by the fact that while he was in the Polish capital, the Belgian embassy there had given a reception in his honor to which the East German but not the West German ambassador had been invited. Similarly, apologists for Mollet's attitude toward collaboration with the French Communists argue that because such collaboration is directed against de Gaulle's go-it-alone defense policies and in support of the East-West détente that both Washington and London are trying to promote, it does not undermine western unity. French Socialists feel that there is considerable understanding of their position in both Washington and London; and Mollet had originally thought to follow up his Moscow trip with a visit to

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Washington which—so his supporters hoped—would have enabled him to return home with an implicit New Frontier absolution for all past or future concubinage with the French Communists.

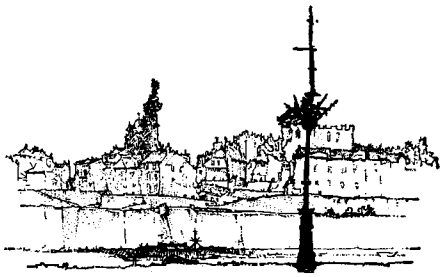
Undoubtedly there are many factors, both domestic and international, that might be cited in extenuation of the French Socialists' present position. But it is still hard to avoid the conclusion that the party of Jean Jaurès and of Léon Blum has fallen on evil days. The dominant motivation that is pushing the Socialists into the arms of the Communists is the kind of sordid ward politics on a national scale that before the war was a specialty of the Radical Socialists and a major factor in the decadence and ultimate fall of the Third Republic.

Mollet and Defferre, especially the latter, probably represent a higher type of leadership than the Chautempses, Sarrauts, and Daladiers who dug the grave of French democracy in the 1930's, but the political forces that shape their behavior are much the same. Like the Radical Socialists before the war, the Socialists, once a power to reckon with, today are a dying party. French political experts do not believe that the party could mobilize more than fifteen per cent of the electorate in any election, and in several recent tests its candidates have polled nearer to thirteen per cent. In the whole country it has no more than 65,000 dues-paying party workers, and its national machine is badly rusted. Of all French political groups it is perhaps the one that has remained most closely identified in the public mind with the unpopular Fourth Republic. (The decline in de Gaulle's popularity that seems to have occurred during the past year has not been accompanied by any measurable nostalgia for the parliamentary tyranny that he did away with.) Since the death of Blum it has produced no figure loved, respected, or simply well known in France.

The Lure of the Elysée

There is no sound democratic reason why such an undistinguished minority group should consider itself qualified to guide the nation's destinies. But having once enjoyed power, the Socialist leaders continue to hunger for it. They have few illusions about their chances of converting a majority of the French people to their political doctrines, such as they are, or of bewitching them with the personalities of their candidates. Like the prewar Radicals, the Socialists can win their way to the top only by offering the nation acceptable second-choice candidates when the first choices have neutralized one another, scrambling to power on the shoulders of stronger parties—after the usual back-room deals with their leaders.

To facilitate such deals, the Socialists in recent years have tried to be a little bit of nearly everything to nearly everybody, and above all not too much of anything to anybody, at least not for too long. They saved themselves from near extinction in the legislative elections of 1958 by



hanging onto de Gaulle's coattails, and staged a minor comeback in 1962 by suddenly abandoning their more conservative allies and entering into a common electoral front with the Communists. They still cling to the Marxist clichés that most other European Socialists have scrapped, and continue to call themselves the French Section of the Workers' International—but it was Mollet who launched the ill-fated Suez expedition in 1956, who tolerated the use of torture by the French Army in Algeria, and who today closes his eyes to the fact that several of his well-known party colleagues are impenitent OAS sympathizers. When the opposition weekly *L'Express* recently launched the presidential candidacy of "Monsieur X," a faceless robot, as the Left's hope for beating de Gaulle, it was generally taken for granted that he would turn out to be a Socialist.

Presidential elections must be held in December, 1965, at the latest and could even occur in 1964 if de Gaulle chose to force an earlier vote by resigning before the end of his term. Thanks to the constitutional amendment de Gaulle pushed through in a referendum last year, the president will be elected—or re-elected—by direct popular suffrage for the first time in twentieth-century French history. De Gaulle is, of course, still a heavy favorite, but if his popularity continues to fall—and particularly if he does not choose to run—there is a real chance for a leftist president to move into the Elysée. He could not be a Communist, but he could not be elected without Communist approval either, since the "normal" Communist vote in France is back to more than twenty per cent of the electorate and at least half of the Communist voters can be counted on to follow the party's instructions at the polls. (The Socialist strategists who surround Mollet are convinced that no opposition candidate, regardless of party, can beat a strong Gaullist candidate without tacit endorsement by the Communists.)

THE TEMPTATION for the Socialists is obvious and almost irresistible. Thanks to de Gaulle's constitutional innovations, the presidency has become the greatest political prize for an individual or a party in France, and the Socialists consider they have a serious chance of grabbing it—providing they can make a deal with the Communists. Hence the trip to Moscow, the joint committees to protest against the French deterrent, the sharp swing to the Left manifest at last summer's national convention of the Socialist Party, and intermittent behind-the-scenes discussions between unofficial Communist and Socialist delegates to lay the groundwork for a long-term alliance between the two parties.

Up to now the Communists have not named their price. Officially their only condition for agreeing on a single presidential candidate of the whole French Left—which in practice would mean agreement between the Communists and the non-Communist parties of the Left to support a Socialist candidate—is acceptance by all the parties concerned of a common minimum program. Everything, of course, depends on what the Communists finally insist upon putting in the program. It is conceivable that rather than risk miss-

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ing the chance of electing a Socialist or other left-wing president, they would refrain from imposing any conditions that might make him their hostage in the Elysée. Conceivable but unlikely.

The situation would look even grimmer but for one thing. The Socialists have only one potential candidate who might be taken seriously by the country: Gaston Defferre. In fact, Defferre is probably the only candidate the whole French Left could put up who would have a serious chance. And Defferre, though he has disappointed a number of his former admirers by his failure to put up an honest fight for his anti-Communist convictions, is a man of some character. Moreover, he has a basically modern outlook that contrasts with the anachronistic political attitudes of many Socialist bosses. He has campaigned discreetly to convert the Socialist Party from the French Section of a mythical Workers' International into a mass party like Labour in Britain, and he is known to favor—with some reforms—the presidential form of government introduced by de Gaulle. (Mollet and most of the other Socialist bosses would seemingly like to turn the clock back to parliamentary chaos.) Mollet made it clear to his audience in the southwest that he personally had little enthusiasm for Defferre's candidacy but announced that the directing committee of the party would rule on the general issue of the Socialist attitude toward the campaign at a meeting on December 18.

Coming out of that meeting, Defferre announced his candidacy. The executive committee put off the question of supporting him until February. Since Defferre is the man he is, there is at least an equal chance that he will finally decide—if necessary in defiance of his own party—to run without seeking Communist support. As sometimes happens, courage might turn out to be more rewarding than expediency. It was precisely the hope that French politicians would thus be forced to transcend their weaknesses and rise above their limitations that led de Gaulle to stake his own political career on the constitutional referendum that established election of the president by direct universal suffrage.

Gambit with Pawns

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

THERE ARE two tenets of West German foreign policy that will remain impervious to any change of administration. One is the determination to keep the Western Alliance alive and functioning. The other is the *Drang nach Berlin*. A striking example of the second tenet was the sudden burst of West German economic activity in the satellites during 1963. In less than a year the Federal Republic signed significant agreements establishing trade missions in Poland, Romania, and Hungary. (A similar agreement with Czechoslovakia is imminent.) Each agreement contained a proviso recognizing West Germany's connection with West Berlin. Using its own economic weapons, the Federal Republic thus took a long stride toward outflanking and isolating the East German Communist régime. The success of the operation was a tribute to Adenauer's foresight. Using Krupp's plenipotentiary, Berthold Beitz, to make soundings as early as two years ago, Adenauer timed the initiatives to coincide with the breakdown of the satellite economies.

Another West German initiative in this direction was more symbolic. As parties of the old four-power agreements, the allied commandants have tried assiduously to reduce West German influence in Berlin. Ever since Khrushchev's ultimatum in November, 1958, and particularly since the construction of the Wall, their efforts have centered on restraining the Federal Republic from making public demonstrations or holding official meetings in support of its claims. Until the 1958 ultimatum, the West German parliament (Bundestag) held periodic plenary "show" sessions in Berlin. Since the ultimatum, the allies have managed to discourage such sessions, advising the West Germans that they would constitute unnecessary provocations to the Communists.

To counter this policy, the Federal Republic has relied on a gradual, almost stealthy restoration of the old Reichstag building. For some ten years a small number of artisans have been at work repairing the burnt-out hulk that abuts the Wall in West Berlin. Work was originally permitted by the commandants on the assumption that the building came under the heading of "cultural ruins worthy of restoration." Still, repair work was so desultory that "the restoration of the Reichstag" became a standing joke in Berlin. One day last November, however, the commandants awoke to discover that the south wing of the Reichstag was ready for use. In a solemn dedication ceremony on November 11, the president of the Bundestag, Eugen Gerstenmaier, received the keys to seven conference halls and forty-five office rooms from the Federal minister of finance—a symbolic sidelight on the fact that the Federal Republic budgets a billion marks annually to the Berlin economy by way of grants-in-aid. Of the total Federal aid to date, thirty million marks have been spent on the restoration of the Reichstag.

IN HIS dedication speech, Gerstenmaier quietly emphasized the Bundestag's right to hold plenary sessions in Berlin. But more important, Gerstenmaier's dedication of the Reichstag was an act of defiance: the allied commandants pointedly refrained even from sending their representatives to the function. To compound the commandants' disgruntlement, the West Berlin senate innocently informed them that "the reopening of the Reichstag" had necessitated a change in the restricted area near the Wall. Two weeks later, four Federal parliamentary committees convened in the south wing. The following week, ten committees from Bonn were in session there. Thus for once, salami tactics had been applied quietly in Berlin by the West Germans. In effect the Federal Republic had served notice that the Bundestag is in the Reichstag. The decision has been taken to hold the presidential election next spring, which involves the Bundestag plus delegates from twelve West

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German states, in the Reichstag.

Alarmed by the success of both of these West German initiatives, the East German Communists decided to strike back in the only way open to them—by making pawns of the hostage population of East Berlin. The offer to issue passes for West Berliners to visit their relatives in East Berlin over the Christmas holidays was irresistible. Neither the West Berlin senate nor the Federal Republic nor, for that matter, the allied commandants could afford to refuse or even to discourage the gambit, although it entailed negotiations with the East German puppet régime. The issue affected four hundred thousand West Berliners who had not seen their close kin in the two and a half years since the Wall. And it was Christmas, the zenith of German sentimentality.

The offer had a triple purpose: to force negotiations; to force them exclusively with the West Berlin senate, thus stressing the separation of West Berlin from West Germany in accordance with the Communist contention that West Berlin is a third German state—a contention not challenged by the allied tendency to play down the presence of the Federal Republic in Berlin; and finally, as a "humanitarian" act, to provide evidence of Communist good faith in a policy of relaxation.

Thus the decision by the East German Communists to offer and finally to grant Christmas passes to eligible West Berliners represented another legal maneuver to build up a body of precedent to strengthen their claim to recognition. Despite its qualifying language, the protocol signed by an accredited representative of the West Berlin senate and a representative of the German Democratic Republic on December 17 establishes at least a minor precedent; it is a point gained by the Communists. In the chess game over Berlin, the protocol is a form of backdoor recognition. The agreement also strikingly reaffirmed two more objective realities about the Berlin Wall: first, that it is there and there to stay; second, that it was built not to keep the West Berliners out but to keep the East Berliners in. There was never any discussion about East Berliners being permitted to visit the West.

'Honest Brokers' In the Nuclear Muddle

LAURENCE W. MARTIN

THE preliminary campaigning for the 1964 general election in Britain is now well under way and the major parties are both eager to make defense policy a major issue. Postwar British defense policy has been bedeviled by a variety of vacillating policies, service rivalries, political expedients, and technological failures to such an extent that the Army Director of Ammunition described a recent major operation, in a sour paraphrase of the RAF's once proud motto, as "Per Ardua Ad Hoc." Battle is now joined between Conservatives and Labour over all these shortcomings, but the dramatic center of the British debate, as in all the great and would-be great powers, is nuclear. And in this, as in other matters, each of the parties argues that it offers not only what is best for Britain but best for the world. Indeed, there is keen competition in Britain these days over who would make the best "honest broker" in resolving the problems of Europe.

The new prime minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, has boldly thrown down a direct electoral challenge on nuclear policy. Opening the current session of Parliament in November, he declared, "I must make the position of the government crystal clear on this matter. The government mean to retain our long-range nuclear forces—our V-bombers and our Polaris submarines—under our own control. They are . . . prescribed to the NATO Alliance, but they will all remain ultimately under the control of the British government. . . . France, the United States, and Russia have all got their own, or will have their own, independent nuclear deterrent. I intend in due course to put this question of Britain's independent deterrent to the electors . . . before this goes to the electors, I think that the House and the country would be interested in the policy of the Opposition." To this Labour's new leader, Harold Wilson, immediately retorted that if the prime minister "would like to discuss this or any other aspects of Labour Party policy, I shall be delighted to discuss them, either in this House or in public on television, with him."

THUS the Conservative government has nailed the colors of national nuclear forces to its mast. It promises to prolong the life of the subsonic V-bombers with guided bombs, to press on with the low-level, medium-range TSR 2 aircraft, to pro-

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cure the Polaris missile submarines made possible by the Kennedy-Macmillan Nassau Agreement of 1962, and to preserve the right of independent use of those missiles conceded by the United States in that understanding.

In a sense this is a reversal of trends. After the cancellation of the planned British IRBM Blue Streak in 1960 on grounds of vulnerability, and the acceptance of an American offer of the air-to-ground ballistic missile Skybolt, then under development for the U.S. Strategic Air Command, Conservative ministers began to talk merely of making "an independent contribution to the western deterrent," leading many to believe that the government was preparing to play down the independence of national forces. But since the embarrassing decision of Defense Secretary McNamara to cancel Skybolt, Conservative talk of true independence has revived, in part no doubt to soothe right-wing members of the party always ready to attack any evidence of subordination to America.

This is the chief strategic argument of the Conservatives for a national deterrent: to allow Britain to resist Soviet threats on issues where American support might be in doubt. Examples are not often given. In addition, Conservatives claim that nuclear power gives Britain influence within the alliance and a special position in the world at large on nuclear matters. Speaking at Ottawa last May, Douglas-Home, then foreign secretary, stated: "We have decided that Britain must be equipped to be present in the councils of war and peace—and to be there by right. And this means nuclear power."

This is the policy Douglas-Home has reiterated with new vehemence as prime minister. The mere enunciation of such a policy, practical or not, runs counter to American efforts to discourage the idea that national nuclear forces in Europe are either desirable or practical, or an avenue to influence and prestige.

Labour's Position

To this Conservative policy Labour claims to offer the clear-cut alternative of phasing out the British deterrent. Labour does not say precisely that a British deterrent is undesirable; it says that it is not feasible, given the country's limited resources. No Polaris force built with American assistance could be truly independent, say Labour spokesmen, for the United States, whatever its pledges, could always withhold vital components. The force of this argument is greatly enhanced by the fact that Labour correctly predicted, much to the government's embarrassment, that America would never deliver Skybolt.

Labour declares it would abandon efforts to prolong the utility of the V-bomber force, though it would not scrap it immediately; probably discard the TSR 2, at least as a strategic weapon; and "denegotiate" the Nassau Agreement, giving up the projected British Polaris force. Nuclear-propelled submarines would be retained, but in a hunter-killer anti-submarine role, a switch probably not unwelcome to the Royal Navy, which has never seemed to regard Polaris as a fitting instrument for a self-respecting navy. In the meantime, the V-bombers would be assigned irrevocably to NATO command, and the present British right to withdraw them for national use in dire emergency would be relinquished.

Labour claims that while nuclear independence is in any case unattainable, abandonment of the British effort to maintain it would yield positive advantages by discouraging the proliferation of nuclear weapons, particularly to Germany. This, it is said, would make it easier for the United States and the Soviet Union to pursue their common interest in nuclear stability, dramatized in the Cuban crisis of 1962 and now, according to Labour, symbolized in the test ban. As a quid pro quo for renouncing a national deterrent, Labour intends to demand that other Europeans renounce nuclear ambitions and that the United States agree to giving the alliance as a whole substantial control over the design, deployment, and guidelines for use of the American striking force.

EXACTLY HOW this would be done is not clear. Labour is interested in a variety of consultative systems now being discussed in NATO circles. Labour spokesmen have been quick to say that the multilateral force is not an acceptable solution. The primary objection is that it is a step toward giving nuclear weapons to Germany. Harold Wilson said last January: "We are completely, utterly, and unequivocally opposed, now and in all circumstances, to any suggestion that Germany, West Germany or East Germany, directly or indirectly, should have a finger on the nuclear trigger. . . ." There are signs that Labour might relax this opposition if the alternative appeared to be some more direct West German approach to nuclear weapons, perhaps on a bilateral basis with America. But for other reasons too, Labour does not have faith in the multilateral force as a solution to alliance problems. They charge that it is unnecessary militarily, that it will not cut off demands for land-based IRBMs in Europe, and that it will not answer the broader problems of nuclear policy. Consequently Labour prefers to insist on gaining a real share in the major part of western nuclear power, the American deterrent.

This would be a notable diplomatic feat, simultaneously cutting off European nuclear rivalry and gaining a big say in nuclear questions at little cost. Whether either

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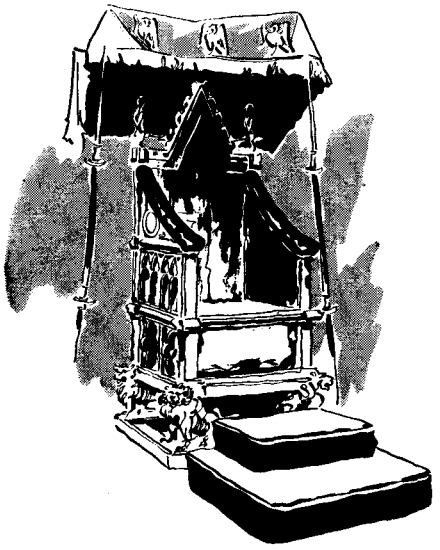
Europeans or Americans will fall into line seems highly doubtful; it may be that Labour exaggerates its bargaining power. But certainly initiatives of this kind from Britain might be a constructive contribution toward resolving the crisis of nuclear confidence in NATO, not least perhaps by reversing Conservative emphasis on the prestige attached to atomic independence.

Labour's pledge to abandon the national deterrent is, of course, probably less dramatic than it at first appears. Letting the V-bombers become obsolete will itself be a complex and drawn-out process. Such is the momentum of military projects that some nuclear programs may long continue, possibly in tactical guise. Professor Michael Howard of London University, a respected commentator on defense and one close to official Labour thinking, has recently observed that nuclear capability, like the shirt of Nessus, is not easily discarded: "A deliberate decision to 'phase out' that capability, or even to place it irrevocably under an Allied command, would be politically a difficult one even for a Labour government to take."

Indispensable or Independent?

Nevertheless the difference between Labour and Conservatives on nuclear questions is fairly sharp, especially in the tone of utterance. Differences on the rest of military policy are less dramatic but perhaps just as significant for the future British defense posture. Consistent with the party's downgrading of nuclear forces, Labour places great emphasis on the improvement of conventional capabilities, sharing the view of the U.S. administration that this is the best way to stave off nuclear crises, particularly in Europe. Labour, in fact, favors a western pledge never to use the H-bomb first, and an emphasis on conventional weapons that would later make it possible to renounce first use of any atomic weapons. The "shadow" foreign secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, has expressed Labour's belief that conventional strength would make Britain an "indispensable power," which is thought to be a much more practical goal than the Conservatives' quest for "independence."

Ironically, recent American statements have upset Labour's plans to be a good ally in this respect. Labour had intended to cut back sharply on distant overseas forces and concentrate on building up the understrength British Army of the Rhine in response to endless American pleas. In recent months, however, British visitors to Washington, and notably Harold Wilson, have been earnestly assured by Secretary McNamara and his aides that the British presence between Suez and Singapore is an indispensable pillar of western security. This, though flattering, has greatly confused Labour leaders and made them far less confident of their formula than they were. But their reconsideration will not alter their emphasis on conventional buildup or their belief that



fixed bases must at least yield increasingly to mobile task forces. Hong Kong in particular would be drastically cut back, on the theory that its garrisons are inadequate for defense and excessive for maintaining internal order.

ANY SERIOUS EFFORT to put British conventional forces, particularly the army, into really good condition will raise an embarrassing political issue for the party in power. Cutting back on nuclear programs may save some money, but the greatest single problem is a shortage of skilled manpower. Almost half the battalions are substantially below their "peacetime" strength. The shortage is particularly acute in such key elements as signals. Emergency operations such as Kuwait or Brunei, cited by the government as evidence of efficiency, are improvised by stripping the British Army of the Rhine to the extent that it is accused of being dependent on the German Post Office for communications. This is the legacy of a Conservative decision in the post-Suez shake-up to abandon universal military service on the theory, popular with army leaders, that all-professional forces, free of incessant training burdens, would be more efficient.

Both parties believed that abolishing conscription would be a popular move, and Labour bears its share of responsibility for having entered into a competition with the Conservatives for the honor of being the more in favor of abolition. Now, however, the services, chiefly the army, are unable to recruit enough men to meet even their much-reduced manpower targets in the skilled trades. Many of the best Labour defense experts have concluded that a form of selective service is the only answer, a system never before tried in Britain. This would be a risky move, and most observers doubt that Labour, so recently critical of conscription and traditionally anti-militarist, would dare undertake it. Some insiders think differently, however, and believe that Labour's enthusiasm for conventional strength as a resolution of the nuclear dilemma would steel it to act. This school of thought points out that the Conservatives, traditionally supporters of service interests, would find it hard to make political capital out of measures to fill an increasingly obvious gap in the nation's defenses.

Labour will certainly emphasize efforts to increase efficiency by further integration of the services and to develop a more stable and coherent national strategy. Service rivalry and lack of central direction have cursed British planning ever since 1945. As long ago as 1948, Field Marshal Montgomery bluntly declared: "We need a unified defense policy. We have not got one, and we have no hope of getting one under our present system." Despite reforms that have been made since, the lack of a coherent policy was vividly revealed last February when the Skybolt debacle left the government unable to present the usual White

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Paper on over-all defense policy. In an effort to pretend the Emperor had clothes, the government was reduced to binding the normally separate statements of the three services in one cover, prefaced with a single page devoted to over-all policy, the burden of which was that putting the three service papers together proved integration was so close that no discussion of general policy was needed. Present Conservative plans for more centralization, somewhat on the modern American model of a single defense ministry in a single building, therefore have general support in Parliament; and Labour, once in office, could be expected to move further in this direction.

Outside Help

Though it is rarely recognized, Labour is full of admiration for another feature of the modern American military scene: the wide use made of defense experts outside the official machine on both an informal and a contractual basis. This practice goes against a good deal of the grain in Britain, where officials keep things pretty much to themselves and where Parliament completely lacks Congress's ability to ferret out information. Parliament has no official defense committee and no way in which to confront military leaders directly. Lack of information is a long-standing Labour grievance. George Brown, former shadow defense minister, complained a few years ago, "We are given so little information in the House, less I think than anywhere in any democratic country in the world."

Not even a Labour government would be likely to surrender its executive privileges, and no one in Britain wants to emulate the American tendency to do all the washing in public. But the increasing complexity of defense policy, and in particular the degree to which, in an age of deterrence, the vital decisions have become matters of refined speculation rather than practical trial and error, have made obvious the need for encouraging debate and for tapping every conceivable source of intelligent advice. Already there are scattered tributes to this realization in Britain, almost all on American models. Most notable is the Institute for Strategic Studies, much influenced and indeed in large part financed by Americans. One or two of the universities have at last recognized defense studies, and a committee has recently been considering whether some aspects of the venerable Royal United Service Institution might not be rescued from oblivion.

Of the two parties, Labour is by far the more receptive to such notions. To some extent Labour's relative lack of the intimate relations the Conservatives traditionally enjoy with the service leaders may foster a desire to cultivate independent opinions. But direct American influence on Labour has also been peculiarly strong. Years of opposition have given Labour leaders like Denis Healey, Richard Crossman, George Brown, the late John Strachey, and others leisure to visit and read the works of the thriving American community of academic strategists. These are also an invaluable source of political ammunition for an opposition largely cut off by official secrecy from information on military matters in its own country. Many of the awkward questions Labour asks are based on Senate hearings or RAND reports.

If Labour gets in, it will undoubtedly encourage defense studies in Britain and try to make the official machine more receptive to them. Healey is the new shadow defense minister, and whatever their formal offices, Crossman and Brown will no doubt have much to say on defense policy. Above all, Harold Wilson himself, who will certainly pay close attention to military matters, is receptive to a wide range of strategic debate. Labour leaders have in fact already given ear to a kind of private brain trust, including such men as Professor Michael Howard, who has been making war studies a respectable activity at London University.

There is also an interesting dark horse in the person of George Wigg, a Labour M.P. who rose from the ranks to be a colonel and has for almost twenty years nursed the interests of the army from a back bench. A mine of information, Wigg has never been taken as seriously as he deserves. Now a curious set of accidents leads those in the know to cite Wigg as potentially one of the most powerful of all backstage advisers. In the first place, Wigg played a prominent part in Wilson's campaign for the leadership against George Brown. Secondly, the troubles of British nuclear policy and Labour's advocacy of conventional forces vindicate Wigg's long battles for the army. Finally, but by no means least, it was no other than George Wigg who first dragged the Christine Keeler case into the parliamentary light. This coup, which handed Labour the political issue of a lifetime, has sharply enhanced Wigg's reputation for political judgment. His position thus seems a strong one and, so long as it is, the British Army and conventional weapons will not lack a voice at court. Wigg, despite his practical background, is also a great proponent of strategic studies: ". . . we cannot get our defense policies right," he said recently, "unless we do it against the background of an informed public opinion. The Americans have been able to do what they have done and to carry through very drastic measures because in almost every university there now is a group studying the impact of strategy and working out its consequences."

The Mediators' Visions

At first sight it would seem that the U.S. administration would have an easier life with Labour than with the Conservatives so far as military matters are concerned. Labour's readiness to discard the national nuclear deterrent and build up conventional forces exactly corresponds to American urging. But any expectation of clear sailing with Labour must be tempered with a few reservations. There is much ambivalence in Labour's outlook. Labour's proposals for the joint control of allied forces and the cessation of independent European nuclear efforts would entail complex and disruptive negotiations. At any time Labour's own suppressed divisions on these matters might erupt again to make a Labour government an inflexible and awkward partner. Clearly it is Douglas-Home's hope that, by sharpening the defense issue, he can reopen the rifts within his opponents' camp.

More particularly, it is not gen-

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erally realized in the United States how deep is the fascination in the Labour Party—and indeed in Britain as a whole—with schemes to resolve military dilemmas and tensions by a major political settlement in Central Europe involving some form of disengagement. One of the most widely studied schemes of disengagement is named after the late Hugh Gaitskell. In 1958 the present Labour defense spokesman, Denis Healey, wrote a pamphlet on "A Neutral Belt in Europe." Only last summer Wilson endorsed the Oder-Neisse line and advocated "a proposal involving a measure of disengagement, for example a willingness to take the Rapacki plan as a basis for negotiations," though he has been careful to say schemes weakening western defenses are unacceptable.

Those who know Wilson well say these projects are close to his heart. Policies of this kind appeal to many elements in Labour's tradition: to devotion to peacemaking, to eagerness for economy on defense, to residual feelings from the Dulles era that America is excessively rigid, to visions of glory won as mediator, and to reluctance to let Germans call the tune in western policy. Here again is ambivalence in Labour's attitude. On the one hand, Wilson has taken a lead in trying to end the coolness between his party and the German Social Democrats. On the other hand, fear of Germany is at the center of opposition to the multilateral force. Wilson gave a glimpse of Labour emotion when he said any measure of German control over nuclear weapons would be "as much a turning point in history, as much a fateful milestone on the road to a third world war as Hitler's march into the Rhineland was towards the last war."

Almost certainly a Labour government, encouraged by what it believes to be the rising tide of the Left in Western Europe and of what it is hoped may be liberalism behind the Iron Curtain, would insistently reopen this theme of disengagement and political settlement. Many of the current preoccupations of strategic debate in the alliance would seem trifling compared to the reverberations of a determined initiative for disengagement.

Oswald in Dallas: A Few Loose Ends

LEO SAUVAGE

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY was assassinated on Friday, November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas. A week later I wrote a dispatch to my paper in Paris setting forth my conviction that this is just about the only fact of which one can be absolutely certain. This is not to say that I consider Lee Harvey Oswald innocent. But having covered the story as a working journalist on the scene, I must say that I cannot accept as proven facts the incoherent conglomeration of circumstantial evidence against him that was pieced together by the Dallas police—and immediately divulged to the world—in the first days after the crime.

The Man in the Lunchroom

There are a number of loose ends in the account of the crime as unfolded by the Dallas police. One of the most disturbing concerns Oswald's movements immediately after the assassination.

From the very start, an extraordinary failure to follow the most elementary police routine irreparably affected the search for truth. Any good policeman automatically says "Everyone stay where he is" when he goes into a building from which shots have been fired. Why wasn't the Texas School Book Depository immediately surrounded and then thoroughly searched?

The murderer, let us not forget, was on the sixth floor; the window from which he had shot had been immediately located by witnesses who had seen a rifle. One of them even stated that he had seen a man with the rifle. In any case, Police Chief Jesse E. Curry remarked in a television interview that he had been able to tell by the sound of the firing where the shots had come from, and he added that he had "right away" given orders over his car radio that the building be "surrounded and searched." Boasting about the efficiency of his men, who had arrested Oswald less than two hours after the crime, Chief Curry, even on Saturday, still saw nothing upsetting in the fact that Oswald had not been arrested when he walked out the front door of the very building that was so efficiently surrounded and searched by the police. Chief Curry seemed to think

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that the fact that Oswald had been identified as an employee was sufficient explanation.

On this point we were given several different versions of what took place, all of them by Chief Curry or his assistants and all of them over television. Finally, an official version was apparently agreed upon. According to the Dallas authorities, Oswald was found by the police in the second-floor lunchroom as he stood holding a bottle of Coca-Cola next to a soft-drink vending machine. He was seen there by a motorcycle policeman who had been the first to enter the building right after the shooting. The officer ran up the staircase, revolver in hand, with Roy S. Truly, manager of the Depository. He stopped at the entrance to the lunchroom, but continued to run upstairs as soon as Truly told him that Oswald worked in the building.

When Oswald left the building soon afterwards, nobody even asked him his name. What were the dozens of policemen doing? Many of the reporters covering the story asked themselves this question the day after the crime, and the fact that I. Karpets, head of the All-Union Institute for Studying Crime, also asked it in *Izvestia* on November 27 does not render the question any less relevant. For if Oswald was able to leave the building it is clear that others could have left it too. In short, the unbelievable carelessness of the Dallas police has left open a possibility that the assassin was some unidentified person who was also in the building at the moment of the shooting and who left undetected.

The lunchroom episode contains other disturbing aspects. According to Roy Truly's testimony, which has been confirmed by all known facts, the motorcycle policeman entered the building right after the shooting, and only a few seconds later he and Truly reached the second-story landing. At that moment, we are told officially, Oswald was already in the small lunchroom with a Coca-Cola bottle in his hand. This means that, assuming he was the assassin, he had to cross the floor from the window where the shots were fired to the opposite side of the building in order to reach the staircase (after concealing the rifle behind some packing boxes), run down four flights of stairs, walk to the lunchroom, put a dime in the vending machine, and open the bottle. Truly and the motorcycle policeman did not report that Oswald was panting or showed other signs of having been running.

In those first few hours, did the Dallas police make any attempt to reconstruct as precisely as possible, stopwatch in hand, the minimum time needed by Oswald to reach the lunchroom from the sixth floor and to compare that time with the maximum time it took for Truly and the motorcycle policeman to reach the same spot? One thing is certain: at the moment when Chief Curry and District Attorney Henry Wade were proclaiming their absolute conviction that Oswald was guilty, they had not bothered to investigate these details. Subsequently, the FBI made a careful check on who was present in the building on Friday, November 22, at 12:30. But the local authorities continued to reveal their total confusion on this point in the statements they made on TV. Chief Curry, for instance, in one of his numerous interviews, said on Saturday that Lee Oswald was in the lunchroom—"among others." But those "others" were never mentioned again. And on Saturday night, when the chief of the Dallas homicide squad, Captain Will Fritz, indicated that the crime was solved as far as he was concerned—"It's a cinch"—he mentioned the fact that Oswald was in the building to support his belief. But Oswald was not alone in the building.

The Chicken Bones

Captain Fritz announced on television Friday afternoon that a piece of half-eaten chicken, a paper bag with chicken bones, an empty Coca-Cola bottle, and a cigarette pack had been found by the window from which the shots were fired. It presumably followed, therefore, that the murderer had settled down for a long wait, well before the passage of the Presidential motorcade. Pointing out that the sixth floor was used for dead storage, Jack C. Cason, president of the Texas School Book Depository, confirmed that someone could perfectly well have remained hidden there for several days without being discovered.

That same Friday afternoon, Captain Fritz stated before the TV cameras that Oswald had refused to join the other employees and go down to the street to watch the President pass by. Captain Fritz did not mention the chicken bones, and not one of the reporters crowding into the third floor of the Dallas police headquarters asked him any questions on this subject. But if his statement demonstrated Oswald's presence in the building, it also demonstrated that he was with other employees until very soon before the motorcade passed. Did this leave him time to take his rifle from where it had been concealed, get into position at the window, and—even supposing he was quite hungry—set out a meal and proceed to eat it? If not, did the chicken bones indicate the presence of someone else near the window from which the shots had been fired?

The examination of such hypotheses might well lead nowhere. But surely they should have been considered in any adequate investigation. And yet, just as soon as it became evident that the chicken bones raised a number of problems, they disappeared completely from the television repertory of the Dallas police. I regret that this incident should have provided a Soviet criminologist with the opportunity to remind us that a suspect can be identified by the tooth marks left in a piece of chicken.

On Wednesday, November 27, I spoke about the chicken bones to James Bowie, first assistant Dallas District Attorney. He said he was surprised that the question should interest me and dismissed it with a wave of the hand: "Oh, that chicken! It was old. Oswald didn't eat it. The bones weren't fresh. Someone had it the day before. . . ."

"Have you found the person who went to eat a chicken the day before the President was killed near the window from which the shots were fired?"

"I don't know. I don't believe so."

"Did the police look for him?"

"I think so. . . ."

The City Map

The news conference called by Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade for Sunday evening, November 24, was a real news conference as distin-

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guished from the many improvised declarations that various local authorities had been making for forty-eight hours after the assassination of the President.

Mr. Wade was not improvising. The killing of Oswald, right in the headquarters of the police whose duty it was to hold him, by a dubious character well known to the same police department, had shaken public confidence in the way the investigation of the President's death was being conducted. The press conference was called in order to stop a ground swell of criticism and indignation by setting forth the evidence that permitted Wade to conclude: "There is no question that he [Oswald] was the killer of President Kennedy."

The district attorney opened the conference by stating, "I am going through the evidence piece by piece for you." But his orderly listing of the evidence never got beyond the first item; all the other "proofs" were soon mixed up in an incredible disorder that made any kind of itemized sequence impossible. When the newspapermen gathered that Wade had just about reached the end of his statement, one of them asked him what was the "startling evidence" the police maintained they had discovered Saturday morning. Wade's answer was, "I don't know. That wasn't me that said that. . . ."

But that evening the early edition of the Dallas *Morning News* revealed the nature of the "startling" discovery of Saturday morning: the police had found in Oswald's rented room a map of the city of Dallas on which various intersections through which the Presidential motorcade would pass were marked with crosses and on which the plaza in front of the Texas School Book Depository was marked not only with a cross but also with a line corresponding to the trajectory of the bullets fired. How could such an important piece of evidence be ignored or forgotten, or intentionally omitted by the district attorney in the press conference he called to set forth "the evidence piece by piece"? Newspapermen hurried to the telephones. They were unable to reach Wade, but his principal assistant, James Bowie, told them that he knew nothing whatever about the map. On Monday morning, however, District Attorney Wade, without further explanation, officially confirmed the discovery of the marked map. That map is one of the key documents in the dossier of Lee Harvey Oswald. It is also, it seems to me, one of the most dubious.

To begin with, the conditions under which this sensational proof was discovered, preserved, mentioned, omitted, ignored, made public, and finally confirmed by the authorities were very odd indeed. The presence of a map of Dallas in Oswald's room had been noted after the first search by the police on Friday afternoon: Mrs. Earlene Roberts, the landlady, mentioned it to newspapermen who asked her what the police had taken from the house. There was nothing unusual in the fact that Oswald had in his possession a map of the city. But surely it was unusual that the police, having found a map of Dallas among the suspect's possessions on Friday, should have waited till the next day before unfolding the map and examining it carefully. Nevertheless, that seems to be what the police must have done, since when Chief Curry spoke to the reporters on Saturday afternoon about the "startling evidence" he held in reserve, he told them that it had been discovered just that morning. Where, then, was the map between Friday afternoon, when Mrs. Roberts saw the police remove it from Oswald's room, and the dramatic moment on Saturday when the police discovered that the map was marked with crosses and a line showing the trajectory of the bullets that killed the President?

I do not mean to insinuate that anyone tampered with the document. But this is surely the sort of question that would have been pursued relentlessly by any halfway competent defense attorney—and that could have made a shambles of the case against the man accused of committing one of the foulest crimes ever known.

In killing Oswald, the proprietor of a strip-tease joint has denied us the trial that was required. But even if Oswald had lived, I do not see how he could have been convicted, or the conviction upheld on appeal, after an investigation like the one I watched being performed by the Dallas police.

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The Red and the Black: Racism in Moscow

GEORGE FEIFER

I FIRST LEARNED of the Soviet Negro problem from a Russian history student who roomed down the corridor from me last year in the dormitory of Moscow State University. He was a soft-spoken, studious fellow with such apparently enlightened views that I was startled to hear him describe, almost savagely, how he and two comrades had beaten up a Senegalese student two weeks before. The African, my friend explained, had been "pestering" his girl friend since the start of the semester: he rang her room repeatedly, followed her in the corridors, annoyed her at dances. "He's a nasty little hooligan—and not the only one of his kind around here. Between you and me, those black boys have got to be taught a lesson about how to behave, how to treat our girls. They're a bunch of spoiled Bushmen."

The second person I came across in Moscow who was directly involved in the Negro problem was a very dark, very handsome journalism student from Guinea. He had just returned from a journey, in the dead of winter, to the international post office far on the other side of town, furious because customs officials had refused to release a parcel he had arranged to be mailed to him from Paris. The university's Office for Foreign Students had also refused to issue him the paper that would have waived the heavy duty charges. The "trumped-up" grounds were that he had already received his allotment of packages that year, and that the parcel, which contained some women's gloves, was not for his personal use. The Guinean complained bitterly about the incident, cursing the Soviet Union and assuring me that the episode was another example of Russians' discrimination against Negroes. "Other foreign students get all the packages they want. Damn these Russians! They ask us to spend five years here, and then every two-faced one of them does his best—and Russians are better than anyone else at this—to make our lives miserable. And what's the big deal anyway about a couple of pairs of gloves? Between you and me, they haven't learned how to behave like civilized people. They're just a bunch of peasants who've somehow learned how to make a police state and a hydrogen bomb."

Jim Crow at 'Friendship U.'

It took no exhaustive probing to discover that there *is* a race problem in Moscow and that even before the recent demonstrations it has sometimes been serious enough to nullify the good will intended by scholarships. It is the Africans, as aliens, who are most upset about the relationship, and they seek out westerners to explain why. During my year as a student there, about a dozen of them, from Mali, Guinea, Senegal, the Chad, and Nigeria would troop to my room in twos and threes to read western newspapers, borrow or offer to buy supplies, and complain about the evils of the Soviet system.

"I didn't really want to study in Russia," explained my closest African friend, a thoughtful and gregarious economics major from Ghana, "but I can honestly say that I was not at all anti-Soviet before I came. That started only after I got to know Russia and the Russians for myself. The Americans waste a lot of money trying to make sure that Africa does not go Communist. All they have to do is pay the way for more of us students to take our degrees here. Ask any of my friends—they're more disillusioned about the Soviet way of life than any American propaganda could make them."

The Africans complained about the incessant propaganda, the regimentation, the restrictions on books and travel, the manipulations of their reading and sources of information, the obvious, odious introduction of Soviet-Marxist principles and the Kremlin's foreign-policy line into their texts and classes even when they managed to escape the ideological indoctrination courses that are compulsory for Soviet students. (Some Africans were furious because they were forced to take these courses.) "To tell you the truth," I was told on one occasion, "colonialism allowed more freedom than this Soviet system. Think of the poor Russians! They've got to live with this pressure all their lives."

To be sure, most Africans complained far more about the material and social shortcomings of the Soviet system than about politics, which interested them only slightly. Of all the foreign students at the university, they were most upset by Russia's depressed style of living. No cars, no cafés, no good clothes or good food, nothing to buy or inspect in the stores, no splash of color to relieve Moscow's damp gray. Nothing but shortages and restrictions. No opportunity to let go normally, breathe easily, and enjoy some harmless student fun. Not a trace, they complained disgustedly, of the civilized pleasures of Paris—or even Dakar.

But even the grumbling about

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material discomfort was peripheral to the Africans' principal complaint: that they were humiliated as Negroes. Russians, they said, are strongly prejudiced racially and discriminate against them in nasty ways. They make cracks about the black man ("Do you eat people for breakfast at home?") and go out of their way to avoid them. Russians are hostile to them, I heard over and over again, because for all of their talk about the natural alliance between socialist and underdeveloped countries, they are a deeply rural, isolated, and xenophobic people, inherently suspicious of anything beyond the Russian peasant village. "When I hear that nonsense every day about the Soviet people being the first whites really to love us because the economic base for it was established in 1917," one student remarked, "I hate this place so much that I want to contribute to the American defense budget."

NEVERTHELESS, the Russians feel that *they* are the wronged ones. I heard Russian students deny that the bad feeling had its roots in innate racial prejudice; even those who admitted to strong dislike of Africans insisted that they had no feelings about black inferiority. They do not, they said, have these conflicts with Cuban Negroes or Indians. The Africans created their own problems.

"When they first came here," my Russian roommate told me, "they were really warmly received. That was in 1957 and 1958. Our students were dying for any contact with the outside world. So we were hospitable, genuinely hospitable—you know the way the Russians are. The girls were especially intrigued and especially friendly. Anyway, we were enthusiastic and we were hopeful. Unfortunately, we were also naïve, and we were very quickly disappointed. These Africans swaggered in here as if they were doing us a favor by coming. They have this conquering complex that's completely out of place. Nothing pleases them. They make no effort to conform. They don't observe the most elementary rules about how a guest behaves."

What apparently disturbs the Russians most is that African students lack *kulturnost,* that occult, ubiquitous word approximating "civilized habits and behavior." Russian students gossip frequently and openly about the Africans' rudeness, arrogance, and lack of respect for Soviet rules and Russian customs: Africans are deliberately rowdy in public places. They insult officials. They crash parties. They flaunt their conquests of Russian girls. They purposely ignore dormitory rules. They assume a pose of leering superiority, usually based on their wealth and worldly experience. They are especially insolent to older, peasant-type Russians who are "square" about western ways. They never say a word of thanks or praise for Russia or the Soviet system—only complaints about the austerity of their life, even though they take up some six hundred places in the university coveted desperately by Russians themselves and get a stipend roughly double the Russian average. "They conduct themselves," a Russian student explained, "as if they're privileged people whom we're supposed to serve, instead of our nonpaying guests. They let you know they disapprove of everything here and would much rather study in the West. Let them go!"

There are often ugly racial jokes, cruder than would be told now at a university in the northeastern United States. In downtown Moscow there are still stares and loud whispers ("Look at the black one!") that would be heard nowhere in America. Girls who keep company with Africans are often mocked and threatened. Some Russians told me sympathetically that they had come to comprehend America's race problem. (They had not, of course.) Many of them deliberately ostracize all Africans to make them feel unwelcome. And, long before the recent news of rioting, there was an increase of violence. I learned at first hand that several Africans had been beaten, and rumors of many other incidents circulated around town. Gangs of toughs are said to have mugged Africans on Moscow's back streets, shouting, "Go home, black ones!"

Asking for Trouble

Of course, there is some truth to the Russian charges. Anyone who lives in Moscow cannot help seeing Africans behave badly. Some of them—perhaps a minority, but enough to encourage generalization—carry an obvious chip on their shoulders. Both Africans on my floor in the dormitory refused to take their turns on "bells" and to serve in cleanup details although all the other foreign students pitched in. Twice I saw young Africans making cruel fun of a fumbling old woman ticket taker on busses going into town. All the other passengers jumped to the *babushka's* defense, shouting to the Africans to behave like human beings. There is no doubt that some Africans *do* flaunt their affairs with Russian girls in a way that offends most Russians. One Ghanaian openly distributed some West German nylons to his favorites in the university lobby. The Russian boys there were incensed, and the incident brought on one of the celebrated beatings. Some Africans deal all too openly on the black market, buying and selling jazz records, books, clothing, electric shavers, and other western luxuries.

Among all foreign students, I noticed that the Africans complained loudest about Russia's shortcomings; yet, because they seemed to work less hard and play more conspicuously than other foreigners, they left themselves most open to complaints about their own shortcomings as students. There were at least a few Africans who obviously had come to Moscow on a free ride, looking for a good time. Compared to other foreigners, Africans made the least effort to adjust, to be gracious, to understand. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, and West Germans took pains to learn Russian, but many of the Africans made a point of learning just enough Russian to exist, using English or French whenever possible, and quite loud enough to be overheard.

THESE are some of the incendiary elements of Moscow's own race problem. Just before I left, Africans began talking about staging a mass demonstration to protest their treatment. I assumed then that it was just more talk and that the Soviet authorities would not let the tension build to the point of explosion.

As it turned out, a single death was spark enough.

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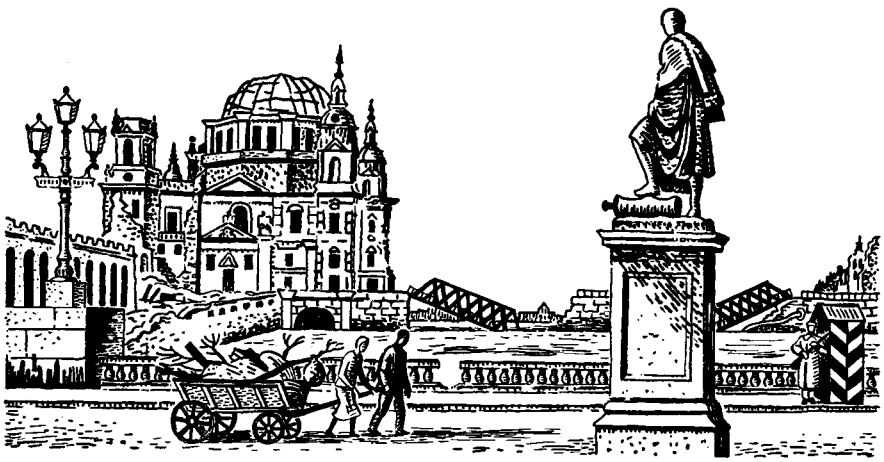

The Winter Of Communism's Discontent

ANATOLE SHUB

BELGRADE

BENEATH the equestrian statue of Tsar Nicholas I in St. Isaac's Square, Leningrad, an American tourist recently fell into conversation with a Soviet naval engineer. It was shortly after Premier Khrushchev had revealed that Russia was buying grain in the West. Brigades of workers and office employees were still helping bring in the meager Soviet harvest at nearby collective farms.

"It's a scandal! Believe me, our people are indignant and disgusted," said the engineer, bitterly recounting Khrushchev's many nostrums for agriculture over the years.

The American found himself rising to the premier's defense: "But now they'll produce more fertilizer. Surely that will help."

The Russian's temper flared. "You believe it?" he asked. "They have thrown down Stalin, they have thrown down God—what can one believe?"

Whether one relies on curbside conversations, official documents, or the actions of the supreme leaders themselves, it is hard to escape the belief in Russia and Eastern Europe that this is Communism's winter of discontent. From the no longer virgin lands of Kazakhstan to the blacked-out streets of Prague, the rising expectations of the early post-Stalin years have unmistakably begun to recede. Economic stagnation, unresolved conflicts with the West and China, and the still festering issues of de-Stalinization have bred indecision and discord among the rulers and growing disillusion among the ruled.

The condition of Eastern Europe's Communist rulers was made plain in their failure to assemble, as they had so often before, on the anniversary of the October Revolution—despite several calls for a new world Communist conference that would either conciliate or excommunicate the refractory Chinese. Indecision and perplexity were also evident in the series of incoherent improvisations concocted by Khrushchev during the holiday season, including the hoary, pathetic prediction that Russia would "overtake the United States" in 1970.

People in Eastern Europe are now becoming aware of what western statisticians realized some time ago: the post-Stalin economic recovery throughout the Soviet bloc reached its high-water mark some five years ago, in 1958-1959. The psychological momentum of the initial surge continued even after production indices began to turn downward. But in the past year, the failures have become impossible to ignore. In the detached words of the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe, "Increases in real per capita personal income seem to have been small or nonexistent in most countries of the region."

The Bare Cupboard

The failure has been most spectacular in agriculture. Not only Russia, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany but even Hungary and Bulgaria—both prewar grain exporters—have been compelled to purchase wheat in the West. Poland, which bases its foreign trade on exporting ham, has had to import meat to satisfy domestic needs. Along with Russia and Romania, Poland has also raised prices sharply for meat and dairy products. Meat is likewise in short supply in Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany. So depressing, indeed, are market conditions in Bulgaria, once famed for its farm produce, that foreign diplomats in Sofia shop for food across the Yugoslav frontier.

To be sure, the gross agricultural output in all these countries is higher than in Stalin's time. However, 1953 farm production was below prewar averages in the satellite states, below 1913 in Russia; meanwhile, population has increased over the decade by some fifteen to eighteen per cent, and is more than ever urban. And in political terms it is crucial that the big gains in farm output were achieved in the mid-1950's, as the direct result of post-Stalin reforms. The picture in the 1960's has been one of stagnation or decline. Russia's harvest for 1963 was well below that of 1958, despite a much larger sown area.

Industrial difficulties have also been quite serious. In the two most developed states, Czechoslovakia and East Germany, production has barely matched 1962's, according to official statistics, which are probably inflated. Poland and Bulgaria are behind plan targets in nearly all sectors. Hungary has met its modest production goals largely through a gradual squeeze on consumption. Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia are rationing electric power; Poland has cut back housing construction.

The Soviet Union is claiming an eight per cent rise in over-all output, but Soviet figures show stagnation or decline in such important consum-

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er goods as textiles, clothing, footwear, coal, glass, paper, and, of course, food products. Since 1961, moreover, Khrushchev has been unable to hold his central committee to a significant expansion of fertilizer and tractor production and to higher prices to the peasants—measures that may be necessary to revive Soviet agriculture but that cannot be taken without compensating cutbacks on armaments and heavy industry. It remains to be seen whether Khrushchev really got his way at the most recent plenum of the central committee.

FARM and factory failures in the individual Communist states are exacerbated by the unrelieved tensions of intrabloc trade and economic co-ordination. Like Western Europe a decade ago, Communist industry has reached the point where acute wartime shortages have been relieved, and a sellers' market no longer prevails in all fields; price, quality, maintenance, delivery schedules, and credit terms have all become critical factors. The demand for economic co-ordination—particularly from the older industrial states, Russia, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia—has accordingly become ever more insistent.

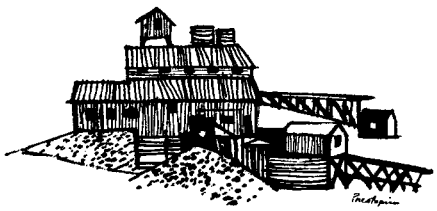
Yet, despite manful attempts by Khrushchev, Comecon—the intrabloc Council for Mutual Economic Aid—has made little headway. Only last summer was agreement finally reached to establish, in January of 1964, a system of multilateral currency clearing similar to that of Western Europe under the Marshall Plan before the era of full convertibility. Heretofore, none of the Communist countries has accepted any of the others' money, and trade has essentially been on the basis of bilateral barter. Even now, there are some doubts about how multilateral clearing will work, for the Polish zloty and East German mark, for example, are notoriously overvalued.

Establishment of the Comecon Bank, however, represents a major if belated triumph of East European integration. Almost all other attempts to harmonize planning, investments, resource allocation, and production within the "socialist commonwealth" have foundered on the rocks of national suspicions and hostilities. The East European Communist leaders not only defended their own pet projects tenaciously but showed open contempt for the quality of their partners' production.

Reappraisal in Romania

Any ideas Khrushchev may have entertained of compelling integration by Soviet fiat or "majority vote" were dashed last spring with the open defiance of Comecon by Romania, which, over a five-year period, had doubled the proportion of its trade with the West. This is now estimated at more than half Romania's total trade, and contracts already concluded ensure that the proportion will continue to rise. Romania called on western firms to help build the giant Galati metal combine when its Comecon partners disapproved and the Russians delayed key deliveries. The final blow came at the height of Khrushchev's public quarrel with the Chinese, when the Romanians assumed a posture of ostentatious neutrality.

Since that time, Comecon pronouncements have been stressing "national sovereignty," but Western European goods, capital, technicians, and businessmen continue to pour into Bucharest. High-level diplomats are soon to follow, for several Western European governments have just decided to raise their legations to the rank of embassies. Some western



observers now believe that Romania could conceivably join Yugoslavia and Albania as the third more or less independent Communist state in the Balkans.

President Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej's public reconciliation with Marshal Tito in November, and their joint plans for a $400-million hydroelectric and navigation project on the Danube, may be steps toward that end. The project will require substantial western financing, which will doubtless compel further "adjustments" in Romania's political and economic orientation.

If anything, Romania's example appears to have encouraged the other Eastern European states to cast out their own lines to the West. While official propaganda continues to blare about German "revanchism," the general manager of Krupp's, Berthold Beitz, has been greeted in satellite capitals with enthusiasm. Poland and Hungary as well as Romania have agreed within the past six months to the establishment of West German trade missions. Czechoslovakia is negotiating a similar pact, and Bulgaria hopes to follow.

Although economically vital to the satellites, these agreements cannot be entirely welcome to the Kremlin. For one thing, Russia's own postwar growth has been partly grounded on advantageous terms of trade with its vassals. For another, in signing these pacts the satellites have initialed a "Berlin clause" which in effect recognizes West Berlin as part of the Federal Republic—a claim the western allies have so far not pressed.

In theorizing about the economic problems of the Soviet bloc, western analysts note that, apart from the extraordinary severity of the weather last winter and the usual rigidities of Communist theory and practice, many of the current difficulties reflect the overextension of Soviet foreign policy: the new burdens of aid in Cuba and Africa since 1960, the accelerated rearmament since the Berlin crisis of 1961, and the loss of the "easy" Chinese market. All this, of course, is of little consolation to people in the Eastern European countries, who contrast their own setbacks in the 1960's with the continuing prosperity and growth of Western Europe.

Outlook: Cloudy with Storms

Committed to a struggle on two fronts, against both the West and China, Khrushchev, it seems, has been unable to enforce his will on or make peace with either adversary. By all conventional laws of power politics, his position is fundamentally untenable, and it is said that prudent elements in the Communist world have already begun to recognize the need to conciliate either the West or Peking.

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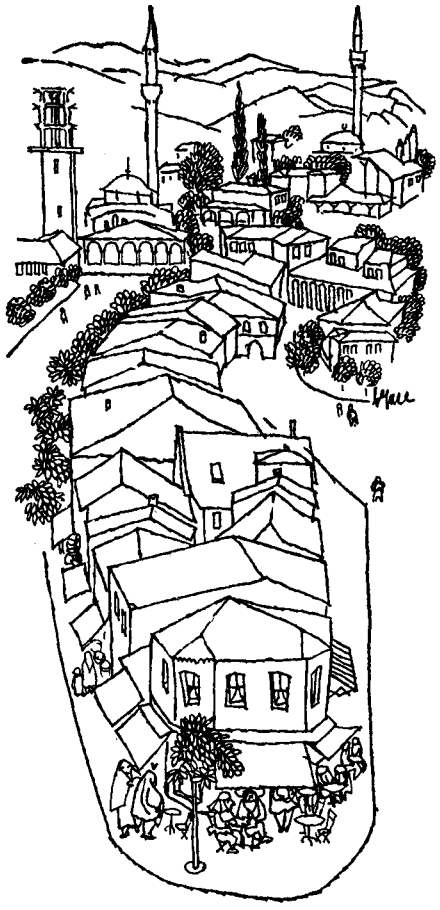
But which? It is an almost impossible choice. The Chinese have made it clear that their terms include Khrushchev's head, as well as a "forward" policy in world affairs and restoration of the Stalin cult; the key to peace with the West is the disgorgement of East Germany. Popular sentiment as well as economic necessity in Eastern Europe would seem to call for a genuine détente with the West; international Communism, on the other hand, requires at least some pretense of "unity" with China and an unremitting struggle against "imperialism."

Premier Khrushchev probably would prefer to arrange an ideological cease-fire and muddle through until the death of Mao Tse-tung or some unpredictable breakthrough in the non-Communist world. He pleaded for such a truce in East Berlin last winter, in Yugoslavia last summer, and in Moscow again in November. The Chinese, however, have made it clear that they will not let him off so easily. And if a cease-fire is unacceptable to Peking, a genuine Soviet compromise with China—along the lines of the 1957 and 1960 Moscow declarations—is no easier to arrange. According to Yugoslav authorities, another 1960-type compromise would now be repudiated not only by Marshal Tito but by the Italian Communists, who represent the world movement's only serious hope in Europe and whose entire strategy rests on appearing respectably "revisionist." The Italians' curt rejection of the French party's call last October for another world Communist conference would appear to bear out the Yugoslav claim.

KHRUSHCHEV's opportunistic twists and turns over the years have already made a mockery of Communist ideology; it is no longer pure Stalinism, nor yet the Leninism of Lenin's last years. Today's official "Marxist-Leninist world outlook" is riddled with conspicuous contradictions with regard to such nations as China, Albania, and Yugoslavia; with regard to such social phenomena as private farming in Poland and Yugoslavia, the use of non-Communist specialists in Hungary, nationalized industry under "capitalism," and nationalist régimes in undeveloped countries; and—perhaps most



agonizing—with regard to the issues raised by Stalinism and partial "de-Stalinization." A young philosophy professor in the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius, asked recently to elucidate some of these contradictions, ended by bursting into tears. "But one must have a world view," he murmured. "If dialectical materialism is false, must we believe in God again?"

In practice, western Communists have modified the ideology to their own taste; Italian party newspapers advertise Trotsky's books. Middle-rank East European officials these days no longer attempt to propound or defend the ideology to visiting westerners; a knowing smile will usually dispose of the subject. Yet ideology perforce remains a fundamental justification of party power and the supreme leaders must take it seriously—if only as a weapon against domestic and foreign opponents.

In this winter of discontent, the economic troubles in Russia and Eastern Europe clearly prompt a more radical "revisionism"—in agriculture, in industry, in planning concepts, and perhaps even in foreign policy. On the other hand, the exigencies of the struggle with China, in which a motley group of foreign Communists sit as arbiters, place a premium on doctrinal orthodoxy.

The tangled history of the past decade in Eastern Europe would seem to indicate that "de-Stalinization" is held in check when the economy is prospering and the world scene seems hopeful. Yet, the moment the skies darken and leaders falter, old grievances cry for justice.

Czechoslovakia's recent experience is instructive in this regard. So long as President Antonin Novotny could point to continuing prosperity, the skeletons remained in the closet, the assassins securely in office. In 1953, 1956, and again in 1961, the infamous Slansky Trial was reviewed, and each time the verdict was that justice had been done. However, with the onset of economic depression in Czechoslovakia a year and a half ago, the door was opened to political as well as economic change. Since that time, all the victims have been "rehabilitated" and one after another of the old Stalinists have been driven from office, most recently Premier Vilem Siroky. Czechs now say openly: "Novotny is next."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S economic troubles have been perhaps more painful than those of some other Communist states, yet its people have also been traditionally more patient. It would be too much to say that Russia and all of Eastern Europe are now gripped in a similar crisis. Nevertheless, as the bold promises of the Khrushchev era appear increasingly illusory and the foundations of the faith increasingly shaky, there can be no mistaking the gathering mood of disillusion throughout the bloc. In the verses of Alexander Tvardovsky, leader of Russia's "literary liberals":

Hard to admit it's all in vain,
The years of hope and work and pain.
If there were a God, we'd pray.
But since there's not—what then?
What then, in this evil hour,
Bitter hour of reckoning?

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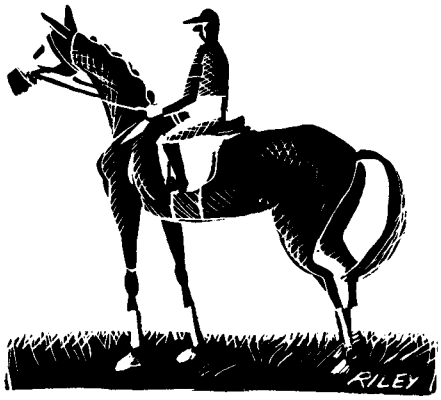

New Hampshire's Lottery: Private Vice and Public Virtue

DANIEL F. FORD

THE SECOND TUESDAY of March is town-meeting day in New Hampshire. It will be an important day for politicians, and not only because it involves the first Presidential primary of 1964. Rivaling the primary for excitement this year will be a supplementary ballot which asks: *"Shall sweepstakes tickets be sold in this city or town?"*

A growing number of New Hampshiremen are having second thoughts about this plan to put a horse race at the service of their public schools. A few are even beginning to question the easy-money tax structure that gave rise to it. For them, and for the men whose political fortunes are closely tied to the first New Hampshire Sweepstakes, the March 10 vote will be a significant hurdle. The law is very particular about where Sweepstakes tickets may be sold—in state liquor stores and at Rockingham Race Track. This means that there are only forty-two localities where a "Yes" vote can result in tickets going on sale. But the remaining 192 localities will also be closely watched. This will be the voters' first chance to express their opinion.

The New Hampshire Sweepstakes will be the first legal American lottery since 1893. Unlike its predecessors in this country (but like the famous Irish Hospital Sweepstakes), the plan involves a horse race—one in September, 1964, and two each year thereafter.

In its lottery aspect, the Sweeps will involve a pre-race drawing to match tickets to the names of one hundred or more young Thoroughbreds entered in the race. Traditionally this is done with two revolving drums. Some ceremonial personage draws the name of a horse from one drum and a ticket stub from the other, and so on until each horse has been matched with one or more tickets. A modest prize will go to everyone whose ticket is selected at the drawing. Larger prizes will be won by about sixteen individuals whose horses actually leave the starting gate, and top money by those with tickets on the horses placing first, second, and third. The big prizes will be in the vicinity of $75,000. The fastest animal in the race will earn approximately the same amount, although he will have worked harder for it.

THE LARGEST PRIZE—for the smallest effort—will go to the state treasurer, but like any other winner he will not keep the money long. The Sweepstakes law provides that all profits will be divided among the state's 230 public-school systems. Sweepstakes supporters claim that it will yield $4 million a year, a figure that would mean $34 for each school child in New Hampshire.

There is no question that the schools need the money. Their plight can be judged by the fact that such modest sums would double the current program of state aid to education. No state government contributes a smaller share of the local school budget than does New Hampshire. Except for building aid and Federal grants, most towns are left entirely to their own resources, with the result that the New Hampshireman pays one of the higher property taxes in the United States. Then, too, the money is not always where the children are. Well-off little Newington, site of Pease Air Force Base, can tax nearly $150,000 in real estate to support each child in its schools, while the backwater village of Gilsum must scrape by with less than $6,500. The solution, obviously, is more state aid. But should it consist of the profits from a gambling operation?

"Proponents of the Sweepstakes like to dwell upon the morality of gambling," observed an editorial in the Concord *Monitor,* one of the several small afternoon papers in New Hampshire. "At least they argue that it isn't immoral—so it must be moral. But if it is moral why are they so concerned about prohibiting minors from buying Sweeps tickets?" The editors acidly suggested a "Children's Sweeps" with scaled-down prices and prizes. They argued that the Little Lottery would educate youngsters in voluntary taxation, would provide some extra revenue, and would have the additional advantage of "getting children exposed to liquor stores, where the tickets are sold, and the state's in that business for profit, too."

'Sin Taxes'

As the *Monitor* has pointed out, New Hampshire is already deeply committed to a "sin tax" economy. Bottled liquor can be sold only in state-operated stores. Beer and cigarettes are subject to the usual state taxes. Pari-mutuel betting is authorized at Rockingham Race Track and at certain harness races, with the state taking a fair slice off the top. These three sources yield about $20 million a year, or two-thirds of the state's unrestricted revenue.

If sin taxes are an uncertain foundation for the Granite State, as it is called, they are made more shaky by the fact that much of this revenue in turn comes from the

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pockets of nonresidents. New Hampshire's most important resources are its magnificent scenery and its proximity to Boston. One dollar out of eight spent in the state is spent by tourists, and a disproportionate share of the tourist dollar goes for precisely those items which are included in the sin-tax ledger. New Hampshire planned it that way. Rockingham Race Track is less than thirty miles from downtown Boston, with a modern freeway to hurry the bettors back and forth. The state liquor stores are so thriftily run that they return a fine profit even while underselling the competition, especially of Massachusetts—and the Liquor Commission has thoughtfully built a string of state stores like old-time blockhouses along the Massachusetts state line. Similarly, beer and cigarette taxes are kept low enough to attract the out-of-stater.

An Associated Press correspondent estimated that nonresidents pay a third of all sin taxes; the *Christian Science Monitor* put the figure at one-half. "Whatever the amount," concluded *New Hampshire Profiles* magazine, a vigorous but generally unheeded voice for reform, "it seems clear that New Hampshire's tax philosophy is to squeeze the local property owner for all he is worth, and to let the vices of our neighbors pay the rest."

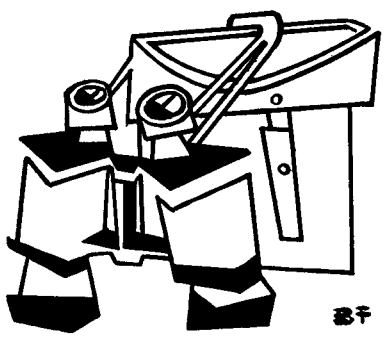
New Hampshire apparently expects the neighbors to do even better by the Sweepstakes. If state-run lotteries in Europe are any guide, it must sell approximately four million tickets to net $4 million from the venture—$18 worth of gaming slips for every man, woman, and child in the Granite State. The inescapable conclusion is that Puritan ethics no longer have much appeal for the New Hampshireman. He is either an inveterate gambler or a parasite, and the evidence favors the latter.

Some of the neighbors have protested. "How long can the Granite State continue to lure non-residents into paying its bills?" asked the *Christian Science Monitor* when the Sweepstakes became law. "When will New Hampshire take the healthy step of accepting its own economic responsibilities?" Other Boston papers complained that New Hampshire does not even give the suckers a free ride home. Twice since the Second World War, Massachusetts has constructed four-lane freeways to the New Hampshire border, only to see them linked to toll roads on the thrifty side of the line. One editorial on the subject was plaintively headlined: "NEW HAMPSHIRE, THE MOOCHER."

The Powerful Mr. Loeb

New Hampshire has drifted into its easy-money fiscal policy as a result of having neither a sales tax nor an income tax—a double distinction it shares with only two other states, New Jersey and Nebraska. The state constitution forbids any graduated tax upon income. It can be amended, of course, but only after a labyrinth of proposals, conventions, and referendums. No such prohibition exists in regard to a sales tax, but both political parties have condemned the measure, and Governor John W. King is pledged to veto a sales-tax bill in the unlikely event that the legislature sends one to his desk. This unanimity is almost entirely the work of one man, Publisher William Loeb of the Manchester *Union Leader.* Loeb has crusaded against broad-base taxes for fifteen years. His journalism is virulent, and his journal is the only morning daily in the state and the only one with a statewide circulation, with the result that the stigma of "sales-taxer" has come to mean political doom in New Hampshire.

"No one *has* to go to the track and bet," Loeb has argued in one front-page editorial after another. "No one *has* to smoke tobacco. No one *has* to drink. . . . But how do those who oppose the Sweepstakes propose to raise this money? By an involuntary forced tax, of course—either a sales tax, an income tax, or some other kind of levy that people will *have* to pay, even though it will hurt them dreadfully to do so."



The results of this logic have not been happy for New Hampshire. Sin taxes may be voluntary in theory, but they are regressive in fact, bearing most heavily upon the low-income citizen. Then, too, they put the state in the same squeeze as any other merchant, unable to raise prices as the cost of government increases for fear its customers will go elsewhere. New Hampshire's state departments are chronically starved for funds—development agencies no less than welfare services—with the paradoxical consequence that it does not even do a good job of attracting and serving the tourists upon which its economy depends.

"These people are simply unwilling to face up to reality," said Dr. Sam Rosen, economics professor at the state university's new Whittemore School of Business, which was established in 1962 in an effort to bring fiscal skills to the Granite State. "They're hoping to get by day after day without a new tax. The Sweepstakes is just another temporary solution."

Most New Hampshire educators share Dr. Rosen's opinion. So do religious leaders, many bankers and lawyers, and almost every newspaper in the state except the Manchester *Union Leader.* These groups make up the main body of Sweepstakes opposition, which Publisher Loeb dismisses as the "moral lobby." Some of the most determined have formed a Committee of 100 to defeat the measure from town to town in March, to support anti-Sweeps candidates in the September primary election, and to lobby for its repeal in 1965.

THEIR CHANCES of killing the Sweepstakes depend largely on the showing it makes in 1964. For this reason, its supporters have spared nothing—not even partisan politics—to make its trial run a success. Governor King, a Democrat, surprised party-liners by appointing two Republicans to the three-man commission charged with administering the lottery. The commissioners in turn ignored all considerations of patronage in hiring an executive director. First they set his salary at $20,000 a year, higher than the governor's. Then they went outside the state for a man to fill the post. The

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one they picked was the fifty-year-old chief of the Boston FBI and the man most responsible for solving the classic Brink's armored-car robbery of 1950. Edward J. Powers was already earning $19,000 in Boston. But he was eligible for retirement (with partial pay), and anyhow the New Hampshire post looked like "an unusual opportunity."

Powers combines a policeman's toughness with a lawyer's skill in debate. "The citizens are overwhelmingly in favor of the Sweepstakes," he will declare, fixing his visitor with eyes of gun-metal blue. His sales pitch goes like this: "We have an increasing tax problem at both the state and national levels. The Sweepstakes is not the total answer, of course, but it may be an avenue that will provide a measure of relief. It is a voluntary tax program. I believe the American people like a choice—and the Sweepstakes will provide much in the way of prizes, entertainment, and drama." He has delivered this message the length and breadth of the Granite State.

Powers is a persuasive speaker, and it is not his fault if the citizens are not (as he claims) overwhelmingly in favor of the Sweeps. The Committee of 100 plans to organize truth squads to dog his footsteps around the state. "Just because he is an ex-FBI agent doesn't make his pronouncements true," asserted John Ballentine, a young patrician who publishes the weekly Somersworth *Free Press* and who is one of the committee's founders.

In addition to his salesman's role, Powers is charged with keeping the Sweepstakes free from corruption. One cartoon on the subject shows a farmer being accosted by an unsavory trio who cry: "Hi-ya, Baby! We're just in from Vegas. Where's the action?" Crime in New Hampshire is pretty much confined to traffic violations, and New Hampshiremen are unnerved by the thought that their state may be plagued with gamblers hoping to batten on the Sweepstakes. Powers is determined that any "thieves, racketeers, and bums" will go home as hungry as they came—hungrier, if they stop long enough to buy a lottery ticket.

Rigid accounting procedures, microfilm records, and electronic data-processing machinery will help Powers to keep tabs on his operation. So will the fact that tickets will be sold in no more than forty-two localities, all supervised by veteran civil servants. Finally, the actual ticket will never leave the commission's hands (the buyer gets only a receipt) and will pay off only to the individual whose name appears upon it.

"It will be impossible for anybody to inject a counterfeit ticket into our system," Powers has promised. "As for resale at a higher price, the ticket-holder simply will have nothing to sell." That was the policeman talking. The lawyer promptly added: "Of course, if somebody wants to print up some alleged New Hampshire Sweepstakes tickets, and if somebody else is fool enough to buy them, we can't prevent that. The same is true for people who buy and sell the Brooklyn Bridge."

Corruption plagued the last American lottery, even though it was long headed by General P. G. T. Beauregard, and Powers's third task will be to steer the New Hampshire Sweepstakes around the Federal statutes that hastened the demise of its predecessor. The Louisiana Lottery Company sold a million dollars' worth of tickets each month. Half the gross was returned as prizes, although often the winners just happened to be executives of the company. The lottery survived for twenty-five years by subsidizing public works, by obtaining testimonials from Confederate leaders, and by winning control of the police and the state legislature. But in the end the scandals brought it down. Congress banned lottery tickets first from the U.S. mails, then from any form of interstate commerce, and the Supreme Court upheld the laws. The Louisiana Lottery Company went out of business in December, 1893, but the Federal anti-lottery statutes remained in effect.

A Cloud to the South

New Hampshire must live with these laws, although nobody knows how strictly they will be enforced. The Committee of 100 frankly hopes the U.S. Justice Department will declare war on the lottery. It may. Federal law-enforcement officials are naturally hostile to any extension of organized gambling, which they regard as crime's stormy petrel. Attorney General Kennedy in particular is an avowed foe of gambling. It is generally believed in New Hampshire that Sherman Adams, the former governor who was Assistant to the President during most of the Eisenhower years, persuaded a Republican governor to veto a Sweepstakes bill in 1955, and that the Kennedys tried similar pressure on Democrat King in 1963.

There has also been some formal exchange of opinion between Washington and the state capitol at Concord. When the Justice Department advised them that the Sweeps might run afoul of Federal statutes, New Hampshire authorities asked why the U.S. government had never attempted to halt traffic in Irish Sweepstakes tickets. As if in reply, Federal agents picked up two Virginians and charged them with meeting the ship *Irish Elm* off Norfolk with a small boat in order to smuggle lottery tickets into the country. There the dialogue rests.

Powers is confident that the Justice Department will have no cause for complaint about the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, which will be conducted entirely within the boundaries of the state. Nonresidents will probably buy a majority of the Sweepstakes tickets, but to search every tourist leaving New Hampshire would be an impossible task, and Justice Department officials may grasp at the straw Powers has offered them—that, technically, the lottery tickets remain in New Hampshire, with the interstate traveler retaining only a record of his purchase.

If nonresidents buy most of the tickets, then the chances are that they will also win most of the prizes. This problem, too, may be resolved in favor of New Hampshire. Out-of-state winners will no doubt hear of their good luck through legitimate news channels, so that the commission will not have to resort to the U.S. mails. As for the money, well, if the winners hail from sales-tax states, they may very well decide to spend their windfall where they "earned" it—and where they will have to pay no sales taxes. It almost seems that New Hampshire cannot lose its bet on fortune's wheel, unless self-respect is regarded as part of the stake.

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The House of the Lady Aziza

CONSTANCE WAGNER

TOWARD SUNDOWN the heat seems to soak into the ground like rain in a wet climate. It vanishes almost without our noticing, and a small wind moves through the courtyard. Sitt Aziza turns to lay a folded sheet over her grandson Tawfig, who is asleep in a ball on the bed behind her. He does not wake. She takes an English cigarette from a pack on the table and one of the younger women holds a match for her. She murmurs *"Shukran"* absently, and sits erect on the edge of the bed, smoking.

Before long, Khartoum will wake to life around us. A cannon will announce the end of this day's fasting as soon as it is too dark to distinguish between a white and a black thread held up before the eyes. Next door the elderly Abdullah will pray, quietly and rhythmically, and we will hear his wife, Hajja, clattering over the family breakfast. They are good people, says Sitt Aziza, and she doesn't hold it against them that they are not true Sudanese but came originally from Egypt. Hajja will serve her husband another meal tomorrow morning at about two. Our nights are anything but untroubled in the month of Ramadan.

THE HOUSE of the Lady Aziza is laid out on an ancient plan. It is essentially a courtyard with certain rooms and shelters bitten into the edges. When you have pounded on the painted chalk-blue door and been admitted, you see past a press of trees and potted shrubs three or four rooms lined up in a row, facing a wide strip of outdoors. The first room is a small parlor, seldom used. The others hold a variety of extra cots and storage cabinets, the electric refrigerator, and a treadle-driven sewing machine.

The rooms (which are used for dressing, or when somebody is very sick, or for drying off during the three-month rainy season) are floored with black-and-white checkerboard tiles. In the courtyard, however, you walk on the desert itself—the sand underfoot and extending up the walls to the left and to the right. In the exact center of the open space, a date palm stands up like a column with a jagged green capital, clotheslines tied around its middle. Desert people set great store by growing things; their courtyard plants are lovingly tended. At Sitt Aziza's, broad castor-oil leaves, flowering vines, a mango, and a lemon tree impose chance patterns on the monotone of mud walls. White night-blooming lilies and Lachrymae Christi, flecked brightly as with blood, spring extravagantly out of big-bellied earthen pots—the pots locally made and selling for about ten cents each. Arab friends are always giving you cuttings of flowers for your own pots: a courtyard lacking greenery would be a disgrace.

In the wide central part of the courtyard are the beds, the uncompromising straight chairs, the small table, the plants and the cats and the people relaxing. Beyond is the *mugbakh,* the cooking area, a mere shed with a skewed straw roof. To the right of the *mugbakh* there is a wide stone basin which has a tap above it. This is the center for dishwashing and laundry, and people often pause to rinse the dust from their hands or feet under the tap. Nearby, propped in an iron stand, is a special black earthen jar for drinking water; the *djeer* has the miraculous property of keeping its contents cold almost indefinitely. And here is the *hammam,* a small room with a door and an overhead shower. All my Arab friends spend a good deal of time scrubbing themselves or laundering their clothes. They are blessed by contrast with most desert dwellers, for the Nile is at their back door. In Khartoum, water is abundant and cheap.

A wire cage houses some young cockerels that are being raised to edible size. "But we do not think chicken is very nice," Aziza's daughter Hanna says, wrinkling her nose slightly. "Pigeon is much nicer." Pork is spurned, beef is held in disdain and can be bought for a song. The meat staple of the Arab diet is the Biblical mutton.

Toward the back are a portable charcoal-burning stove made of sheet iron and two bake ovens that Sitt Aziza's daughter Wahiba has built recently. They seem to be precise replicas of those in use all over the ancient world from before Sumer. The spherical tops are constructed of bricks thickly coated with mud and smoothed by the deft hands of Wahiba. It takes a while to heat such ovens to the desired temperature, but once hot they bake wonderfully, and from them Wahiba produces dozens and dozens of elegant little cakes for Christmas and other festivals.

OFFICIALLY the house is occupied by Sitt Aziza and her three unmarried daughters, but there are almost sure to be others living there. A daughter-in-law will turn up with several small children for an indefinite stay. Mourad's son, now sleeping in a ball on the bed, has been here since his birth five years ago because his mother's people had threatened to do him in by

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magic. They were annoyed over their daughter's marrying Mourad, though it is not clear just why. The risk was thought grave enough to make it advisable to put almost a thousand miles between Tawfig and this malevolence.

Sitt Aziza takes it all in stride. After more than half a century of turmoil, nothing surprises and everything interests her. She has been a widow for twenty years and she will wear mourning for the rest of her life: no jewelry, a plain black dress, and when she goes out, a thin black scarf on her head. She is firm in the faith of the Coptic Church. From Ash Wednesday to Easter, she will not touch animal food, which means milk, eggs, butter, and fish as well as meat. Surprisingly, though, she does not seem to feel that the other members of her family must follow suit. Sitt Aziza walks in the old ways because that is how she learned to walk, but she has no quarrel with the present. She would put her foot down, to be sure, if one of her daughters went somewhere alone with a young man, but then the situation would not arise.

When she was growing up, across the river in Omdurman, book learning for girls was not thought necessary or even quite proper. So now she listens to what is said with the special awareness of one whose ear has not become dulled by the written word. Her children speak English (with a British flavor) but she has only her native Arabic. "Thank you, O.K.," she repeats after you—and laughs with the others over her attempt. But when Sitt Aziza speaks, the others listen with respect. Officially her oldest son is head of the family. (She is, in fact, most correctly known as Umm Sameer, or Mother of Sameer, in deference to this relationship.) But the power, you feel, is hers, through native force and a history that commands respect.

Two of her daughters are sitting near her: Raja, who is a teacher, and Hanna, who works in the office of an airline. They are smart, attractive girls with tidy edges that might have been cut from crisp paper: trim hair, clear tan skin, frocks in light fresh colors. Wahiba, the oldest, sews for the entire family on the treadle-driven machine and does the cooking. She is bound to the household, but the younger sisters go forth into the city. They follow the news alertly. They discuss the future of Africa and of the Sudan in particular, referring to it as a "developing country."

THE ONE ARMCHAIR—a wicker one—is occupied by Wafa, the Egyptian daughter-in-law. In a milieu refreshingly free of any prejudice based on skin color or religion, one is startled to find here a certain bias: Egyptians are lazy, Egyptians are bad housekeepers, Egyptians cannot always be trusted. Yet Wafa, joined to the clan by marriage, is not only tolerated but is treated with kindness. The attitude is, "Poor Wafa—she can't help it, being an Egyptian."

Wafa, inert and ornamental, sits close to the table so she can dip into a box of *ka'ak*—crescent-shaped little fried cakes. She has been married for four years, but she is only twenty. And if Hanna and Raja suggest the look of the future, surely Wafa's features might have been copied from a fine Persian miniature. Her skin has the color and richness of *crême brulée*. Already, though, her beauty has overripened and spread outward. Soon it will be lost in fat. She wears her indolence like a comfortable but sloppy garment, like the blouse that is only partly tucked into the waistband of a billowing pink skirt. Her husband, who is more than twice her age, adores and pampers her, and their two children are even more unmanageable than the general run of Arab moppets. Now, as they start whamming each other on the head with whatever weapons are at hand, Wafa hoists herself out of the chair, musically crying *"La-la-la-la-la"* through a mouthful of *ka'ak,* and closes in on them. She crosses the courtyard as if on skis, feet wide and never leaving the ground because she is wearing *slibslibs*—floppy sandals. Her whole sumptuous body seems to undulate in slow motion above the stout solidity of the legs. Having smacked the children halfheartedly, she returns to the armchair, rears back her head on its lush curve of throat, speaks in the tone of a caress. It is cooler in Cairo, she says. Her smile is compounded of subtlety and an innocent sweetness. Sitt Aziza glances sideways, throws in a curt word of common sense. Poor Wafa, dreaming of her noisy, disorderly, lost home in Cairo—can she feel the disapproval?

Wahiba comes out from the *mugbakh,* moving lightly and with purpose, bearing the long-handled copper pot—the *tánaka*—and doll-size cups on a tray. The coffee is thick and sweet and flavored delicately with spice. Wahiba roasts the green beans every day and pounds them in a mortar. This is the only civilized way to do it, says Sitt Aziza. Wahiba says privately that it is a bother, but we all admit that the results are worth it.

Hanna brings out a length of turquoise-colored material that Wahiba is going to make up for her. "Do you think it is nice?" she cries, bunching it on one shoulder. Her eyes shine, her neat head is thrust slightly forward on the thin stem of her body. But nobody is listening because Wafa has suddenly asked whatever became of the spirit that lived in the basket the last time she was here. Sitt Aziza waves her hand contemptuously. "We got rid of him," she says with conviction. "Claiming to be the Prophet Mohammed—I did not believe in him for a minute!"

"But now we have got a new one," Raja puts in. "This is a very good one. He said our cousin Younan was going to pass his examinations and he did." The others nod affirmation.

Hanna, still holding the material, wonders if it is becoming.

"It is better than yellow," Wahiba says. "Yellow is for me, but I am black like a telephone."

THE CANNON THUDS somewhere beyond the walls and next door Abdullah begins gently to read from the Koran. Sitt Aziza drops her voice, not to break in on his piety. A goat laughs derisively in the street outside. A jet splits the air, bound for Athens, and a cat walks the mud wall, waving its tail.

"I am not going to buy any more dresses," Hanna's voice says from the dark. "I am going to save my money and buy a car."

"If God wills it," says her mother: *"Inshallah."*

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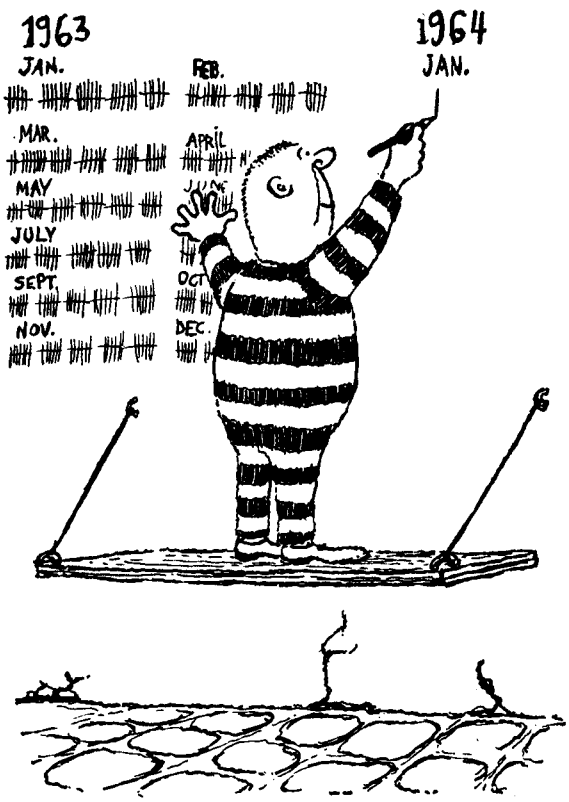

Happy New Year! by Fernando Krahn

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What's the Matter With Edward Albee?

TOM F. DRIVER

THE NATION'S publicity media, desperately in search of a "gifted young playwright," and unable to practice that asceticism of taste which is the requisite of culture, have praised the mediocre work of Edward Albee as if it were excellence. They have made the author of six bad plays into a man of fame and fortune, which is his good luck. They have also made him into a cultural hero, which is not good for anybody. It is time to disentangle our judgments of his merits from the phenomenon of his popularity.

Four of Edward Albee's six bad plays are too short to fill an evening. Another is a dead adaptation of a famous story. The sixth is the most pretentious American play since *Mourning Becomes Electra.* In each of these works there are serious, even damning faults obvious to anyone not predisposed to overlook them. To get Albee in perspective, we should examine first the faults and then the predisposition of the audience not to see them.

AS A MAKER of plots, Albee hardly exists. Both *The Zoo Story,* his first play performed in New York, and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,* his most successful, are built upon an unbelievable situation—namely, that a sane, average-type person would be a passive spectator in the presence of behavior obviously headed toward destructive violence. In *The Zoo Story,* why does Peter just sit there while Jerry works himself up to suicide? Why doesn't Nick, in *Who's Afraid?,* take his young wife and go home when he sees that George and Martha want only to fight the whole night through? In both cases, the answer is either that there is some psychological explanation that has not been written into the play, or that if Peter or Nick did the logical thing and went home the play would be over.

Sometimes it is argued that this objection is out of place. It is held that the passivity of Peter and Nick is allegorical and is supposed to point to our general passivity in the presence of destructive tendencies in modern life. But this is cheap allegory. A situation cannot function well as allegory unless it is a believable situation. Whatever allegorical element is present in the situation of *The Zoo Story* and *Who's Afraid?* is in conflict with the realistic convention that both plays assume.

Failure to maintain the chosen convention occurs in all the Albee plays, even in *The American Dream,* which does not pretend to realism but is more like the "theatre of the absurd." It opens in such a manner as to suggest that Albee is imitating Ionesco, or perhaps will parody him. After ten minutes it is no longer clear whether any reference to Ionesco is intended, and it never becomes clear in the rest of the play. On the other hand, no different convention imposes itself. Toward the end of the play the comic mode is destroyed by a long autobiographical speech by the title character, a speech so full of Freudian cliché and self-pity that the only humane response to it is to be embarrassed for the author. No one could have written it who did not regard himself above his art. In the work of amateurs we expect this sort of thing, we forgive it. But we do not praise it, for to do so is to substitute indulgence for criticism.

Who's Afraid? displays another failure to maintain convention. This play is supposedly a realistic depiction of "how life is." I have yet to hear a reasoned defense of it on any other grounds, including that of its director, Alan Schneider (*Tulane Drama Review,* spring, 1963). Yet we are shown a married couple who go through life as the "parents" of a twenty-one-year-old "son" who is purely imaginary. The play ends when this "son" is sent to an imaginary "death" by his "father."

To be sure, the message of *Who's Afraid?* is clear in spite of this confusion; too clear. In many marriages illusions grow and have to be "exorcised" (this pretentious, crypto-religious word is Albee's), in order to save what is left of the partners. But the device Albee uses to state such a truism is once again from Ionesco. Patched into a realistic play, it turns the whole into a crazy mixture of the obvious and the incredible. This is not, as some have said, a problem in the third act only. The flaw that ruins the third act is already present in the first two, rendering them unbelievable.

Patching and stitching is the mark of Albee's style, if bad habits may be called a style. Scarcely five lines go by without making one feel that something extraneous has been sewn in. The scenes have no rhythm. They give no impression of having developed organically from situations deeply felt or from ideas clearly perceived. Nothing is followed through in the terms initially proposed. There is no obedience to reality outside the playwright's head, nor much evidence of consistency within it.

IF ALBEE'S arbitrary manner puts an unnecessary and uninstructive burden upon the audience, it also gives the actors more to do than they can accomplish. The exhaustion that the actors, as well as the audience, say they feel at the end of *Who's Afraid?* does not come from having experienced too much but from having pretended to experience it. All acting involves pretense, but there is such a thing as being supported by a role. Albee's roles have to be supported by the actors.

The performances of Uta Hagen and Arthur Hill in *Who's Afraid?* are remarkable to see, yet they are pathetic. These two skillful people are forced to manufacture on stage, moment by moment, semblances of character which the script not only does not support but even undercuts. The more brilliantly they perform, the more anguish we feel. But it is anguish for the performers. Arthur Hill manages his tour de force by holding desperately all evening to a few mannerisms, such as his gait, the unbalanced carriage of his shoulders, and his operatic delivery of the lines. Uta Hagen, with more variety, pulls ever more tricks

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out of her professional trunk. In the course of the play's three and a half hours, it is the actors rather than the characters who become hysterical. Faced with the same hurdle in *The Ballad of the Sad Café,* Colleen Dewhurst takes a more dignified recourse. Given no intelligible character to enact, she refuses to pretend to act. She poses. Hers is the most beautiful example of non-acting I have ever seen, and I applaud her for it. No slightest hint of emotion escapes to betray the purity of her refusal; she is on strike, declining to do the playwright's work for him.

THE FALSENESS of Albee's characters is also due to the fact that they are but surrogates for more authentic ones. The characters who could make psychological sense of *Who's Afraid?* are not the two couples on stage but the four homosexuals for whom they are standing in. Granted that George is not very masculine and Martha not feminine, still we are asked to accept them as a heterosexual couple who might love each other. Their mutual sado-masochism renders this request absurd. They maintain their fight with increased pleasure-pain all night long.

I do not deny that heterosexual couples engage in *some* of the same behavior and show *some* of the same psychology. They do. But a play built around such an orgy invites us to ask what part of life it most aptly refers to. The answer is not to marriages but to homosexual liaisons. The play hides from the audience its real subject. This is quite apart from the question whether Albee *knows* what the real subject is. I think he does, but if not his job as a playwright is to find out. And to make his play tell it. We are driven to saying that either Albee does not know what he is saying or else that he is afraid to say what he means.

The significant cultural fact we have to deal with is not the existence of Albee's six bad plays but the phenomenon of their popularity. The public has been sold a bill of goods, but there must be reasons why it is willing to buy. What are these reasons?

Whatever may be said against Albee—and I've only said the half of it—one must also say that his bent is wholly theatrical. All his mistakes are theatrical mistakes. He confuses theatrical conventions, but he does not, except in *The Ballad of the Sad Café,* confuse the genre of playwriting with that of film, novel, or television. This is rare in today's theatre. I expect this instinct for the theatrical is what people really have in mind when they refer to Albee's talent. "Talent" is the wrong word, for the nature of a talent is to grow, and Albee shows no signs of that. He does show a theatrical instinct.

Although theatricality is an important component in all great drama, it can also characterize some of the worst. That is, it can be used imaginatively or it can be used merely fancifully. Albee's use is the latter. There is evidence that this is a direct cause of his success. The truly imaginative use of theatricality is found today in Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, and Jean Genêt, none of whom has ever caught on with the large New York theatre audience. Critics on the daily papers either misinterpret these playwrights (the New York *Times* told us recently that Genêt's *The Maids* is a "social tract") or they find them "obscure." Albee is preferred not because he is better but because he is worse. Since his themes are obvious, even hackneyed, they cannot be obscure. And his reckless inventiveness can pass for complexity without forcing anyone to entertain a complex thought. In short, he provides a theatrical effect conveniently devoid of imaginative substance.

This accounts, I believe, for the so-called "involvement" of the audience at *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Since the situation and the characters are false, the play provides an occasion for the display of pseudo emotions: mock anger, mock hatred, mock envy, and finally mock love. These are provided on stage by the actors, with whom the audience enters into complicity. Thus the audience achieves, at no expense to its real emotions, a mock catharsis.

In addition, there is reason to suppose that the very roughness and the gaucheries that mar Albee's plays contribute to his success. Most of the values that operate in our society are drawn from the bourgeois ideal of domestic harmony, necessary for the smooth functioning of the machine. Yet we know that there are subconscious desires fundamentally in conflict with the harmonious ideal. Albee satisfies at once the ideal and the hidden protest against it. In his badly written plays he jabs away at life with blunt instruments. If his jabbing hit the mark, that would be another matter. But it doesn't, no more than does the child in the nursery when he tears up his toys. That is why Albee is the pet of the audience, this little man who looks as if he dreamed of evil but is actually mild as a dove and wants to be loved. In him America has found its very own playwright. He's a dream.

Plenty of Horn

NAT HENTOFF

THE MOST RECENT and most radical changes in jazz styles are particularly well demonstrated in the realm of the saxophonists, where the innovators are boldly experimenting with a whole new range of tonal coloration and rhythm. As a bridge between the old and the new jazz scene, there stands the towering figure of Coleman Hawkins. Hawkins, now at least sixty, was the first to make the tenor saxophone a major jazz instrument, in the mid-1920's, and up to now there has never been a musical situation in which he could not participate. He was, for example, one of the first established jazzmen to support the modern jazz school that emerged in the 1940's. Thelonious Monk's first professional record date was with Hawkins.

Now, for the first time, there are younger experimentalists with whom Hawkins would not be able to establish reasonable musical rapport. He feels the fault may be theirs, that they lack "seasoning," but it is a measure of the radical nature of the current avant-garde that Hawkins is estranged from such "liberators" as

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Ornette Coleman (*Ornette!*, Atlantic 1378, stereo S 1378). This is not to say that Hawkins's playing has diminished in value. The point is that by contrast with preceding evolutions in jazz, the current expansion of the language represents a giant leap in terms of musical goals and techniques. While Ornette Coleman is no longer bound by conventional chord patterns, often letting the melody determine the harmony beneath his improvisations, Hawkins's solos are still firmly based on chord changes. Similarly, Coleman's careeningly unpredictable rhythms are in sharp contrast to the regularly flowing pulsation of Hawkins's beat.

There still are experimentalists with whom Hawkins can find some common ground. *Sonny Meets Hawk!* (RCA Victor LPM-2712, stereo LSP-2712) represents a fascinating attempt to bridge the gap between the old guard and the avant-garde. In this confrontation between Hawkins and Sonny Rollins, there are unmistakable signs that despite all that still unites them within the jazz tradition, this bridge will not last long. The album's particular value consists in the opportunities it provides to hear the bold new jazz intersecting with the matured jazz of the past. Near the close of "Lover Man," for instance, while Hawkins tenderly paraphrases the melody, Rollins extracts eerie overtones from his horn that extend the coloristic range of the tenor saxophone farther than any of the older players have ever considered possible. If such sounds as Rollins produces in this passage were to come out of Hawkins's instrument, he would check his reed to see if it were cracked.

THE TEXTURES of jazz horns have always been individualistic, often growlingly unorthodox, but there has also been a place for the pure-toned lyricist such as Johnny Hodges (*Back to Back,* Verve 8317, stereo 68317), and more recently Paul Desmond of the Dave Brubeck quartet. From what we have heard so far of the jazz ahead, however, Desmond may soon be an anachronism. A smooth, pleasant sound does not appear to be a major concern of the more exploratory saxophonists—notably Coleman, John Coltrane (*Live at the Village Vanguard,* Impulse 10, stereo S-10), and Eric Dolphy (*Far Cry,* New Jazz 8270). The preoccupation among the latter for greater freedom from past rhythmic and harmonic conventions is accompanied by a frequent need to propel their emotions as directly and rawly as possible. To listeners conditioned by the older jazz, these piercing, speechlike pitches and "cries" may sound ugly at first, but they do make expressive sense in the context of the more brilliant extensions of the jazz language by the newer players.

Nonetheless, Paul Desmond's newest album (*Take Ten,* RCA Victor LPM-2569, stereo LSP-2569) is a restful refuge from the turbulent flights of the avant-garde. In addition to his calm lyricism at a time of unparalleled restlessness among young jazzmen, Desmond is even more unfashionable in that he regards jazz as a pleasurable occupation, not a cause. The music produced by this wry, stubbornly atypical jazzman is consistently appealing despite its lack of cachet from many critics and musicians. He improvises with an uncommonly fresh melodic imagination and with a penetratingly lucent tone. Desmond is especially skilled at personalizing ballads which he transmutes with a cool sensuality. In three of the numbers in this set, he also displays his temperamental affinity for the bittersweet, Brazilian-based bossa nova; but characteristically, Desmond has now recorded in that idiom after it has gone out of fashion and has become, as he observes in his droll notes for the album, "bossa antigua."

By contrast with the urbane Paul Desmond, Jimmy Woods (*Conflict,* Contemporary 3612, stereo S7612) is fiercely involved in avant-garde jazz as a total way of self-expression. More specifically, he regards jazz as a form of self-therapy. His music, as the notes to the *Conflict* album and his own statements elsewhere have confirmed, does indeed come directly and deliberately out of his experience as a Negro in America. The shout of the blues, for example, colors everything he plays, even during his most experimental attempts to broaden and deepen the expressive range of jazz. His phrasing is often close to speech rhythms, and like Ornette Coleman he refuses to be bound by conventional harmonic and melodic usage. His startling pitches and jaggedly irregular lines make for continual surprise and require concentrated listening.

Woods's associates in the set include drummer Elvin Jones, whose churning polyrhythms are usually heard within the combo of John Coltrane. Except for Jones, the other sidemen (trumpeter Carmell Jones and tenor saxophonist Harold Land in the front line) are closer to the mainstream of modern jazz than the singularly unfettered Woods, but they are like him in their commitment to jazz as a means of releasing their own tensions. As Woods says: "I'm affected by everything that happens, but I don't have much to say about what happens. The only way I can say anything is through playing. . . . This is the only way I can be myself."

OF COURSE, the urge to be oneself has always been the driving motivation of jazzmen. What has changed, however, is the nature of the jazz improviser. The men of the newest jazz generation have become increasingly self-conscious about their music. They are more and more apt to reflect the complex frustrations and yearnings in the society around them; and although the music of the avant-garde is not without humor, jazz wit now tends to be more acid than jocular. Fundamentally, although they are widely disparate in their individual styles, the present revolutionaries all feel that the jazz we've heard up to now has been a decidedly limited indication of the music's capacity to communicate both ideas of unprecedented subtlety and much stronger, much more complicated emotions.

It is no wonder that the most committed of the innovators, John Coltrane excepted, are finding it harder and harder to get night-club work. Their music does not fit into the casual, noisy night-club atmosphere. Nor is their audience large enough to warrant most promoters' taking a chance at booking a concert hall for them. And so they record, play occasionally in lofts, and wait for an audience to grow that will welcome their insistent challenge to listen to jazz in a basically new way. It may be a long wait.

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BOOKS

All Bone

MARK SCHORER

BALANCHINE, by Bernard Taper. *Harper & Row. $8.95.*

It was my good fortune about a year ago to be present when Stravinsky came to New York to rehearse the orchestra of the New York City Ballet in his *Movements for Piano and Orchestra,* for which Balanchine had choreographed one of his most recent ballets. There were only about eight or ten people in the vast barn that is the City Center. On the stage, with quiet intentness, the dancers were warming up. Stravinsky, bundled in a great coat, arrived, and he and Balanchine exchanged a quick Continental embrace. There were some introductions, and Balanchine, in the presence of the older man, one of his closest friends, was gallantly deferential. The composer greeted Robert Irving, the conductor, and nodded pleasantly to the players in the pit. Then he sat down. The dancers were called into place. The music began, the ballet began. Presently Stravinsky got up and stood behind Irving. Now Balanchine was on the stage. The orchestra would stop. "Like this?" Irving would ask, and hum a bit. Stravinsky would nod. The orchestra would try again, with another short section. The ballet was progressing in bits. Sometimes the principal dancers merely walked through their steps. More quiet exchanges between conductor and composer, between dancers and choreographer. Now it had all been done. Stravinsky sat down again. Balanchine came off the stage. Now the whole: in an atmosphere of strange suspense, about eight minutes of intricate, exquisite movement to music that seemed to vanish in the dancers. A moment's silence, then an audible sigh running through the spectators, then a quick splatter of applause, then quiet again, and the most extraordinary sensation of peace.

One had witnessed two artists certainly and serenely collaborating in the creation of a work.

OPPOSITE page 29 of Bernard Taper's fine biography and handsome book is a photograph of George Balanchine—or Georgi Balanchivadze, as he was christened—at about the age of eleven. The expression is fascinating: intelligent, obviously; sensitive; the eyebrows arching, the mouth sensuous. But beyond this there is an interesting blend of imperiousness and a very cool inquisitiveness. The face so commands the attention that one may neglect to observe the most interesting detail in the picture, which is the second finger of the right hand: it is wrapped up in what seems to be a not very tidy bandage protecting some boyish scratch or cut. This touch somehow qualifies all the remote hauteur in the young face. The combination tells us a good deal about the sometimes enigmatic figure who is the subject of this book.

Although the lay reader will learn much about the dance and the special world of dance from this work, it is not primarily about the ballet; it is the biography of an extraordinary man whose lifelong and nearly single-minded interest is the creation of works of art for dancers. Since George Balanchine is probably the greatest living choreographer of classical ballets, Taper is necessarily concerned at all stages with his subject's chief interest, but it would be a pity if potential readers who do not happen to be vastly interested in ballet should neglect to read this life for that reason. Carlyle said that a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. What we have here is both.

At nineteen in Petrograd, Balanchine was associated with a group that called itself the Feks (Fabricators of Eccentricities, Inc.), and for a brief time he assumed certain Byronic poses. But he was ill fitted to that role. He is not, apparently, an introspective man, certainly not a brooding or a melancholy one. He thinks of himself not as an artist but as an artisan; he is impatient with all elaborate theorizing about his work and above all with any subjective speculation. When he talks about his dances or his dancers, he says nothing about spirit but a good deal about technique. He dislikes the word "soul." Once, when I commented to him about the sudden improvement (because of a loss of weight) of one of his soloists, he said, "Oh yes, now she is all *bone!*" Bone, not soul—although it had seemed to me that with the achievement of the first had come a considerable infusion of the second.

"Bone," and all that it represents, can be worked toward, directed, even if necessary discussed; the other cannot, and Balanchine will waste no time upon it.

Balanchine was born in 1904 in St. Petersburg, the son of a Geor-

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gian father who was a composer, and although the boy received an early musical training, he was directed toward a career in the Russian Navy. He became a dancer by accident. The day his mother took Georgi, aged ten, and his older sister, Tamara, to enroll him in the Imperial Naval Academy at St. Petersburg and to give the sister the opportunity of a second audition at the Imperial School of Theater and Ballet, Mrs. Balanchivadze was told that the rolls of the Naval Academy were filled for that year. The disappointed mother took the boy along to the Ballet School. An official casually suggested that Georgi might as well audition, too, and so impressive was his carriage and demeanor that, though his sister again failed, he was one of the eight or nine of fifty boys chosen. Left behind in the school, he promptly ran away, and it was touch and go whether he would be taken back. He was, and so a life was determined.

THE CAREER that followed—in Russia, then Paris, London, New York, Hollywood, New York again, to name only the chief places—the career, steadily burgeoning, was nevertheless the history of one disappointment after another. It is fortunate that from his youth on, George Balanchine was possessed of a strong sense of fatalism; without it he could hardly have survived so cheerfully and, more important, so creatively the long trial of collapsing opportunities and wrecked hopes. There were some glittering triumphs along the way and there was an impressively steady development of style, but there was never any comparably steady institutional means of sustaining them.

In 1933, when Lincoln Kirstein, "who for some thirty years has been Balanchine's most devoted patron and partisan," invited him to leave Europe in order to establish the School of American Ballet in New York, such an institutional opportunity at last seemed to have presented itself. But the American Ballet, which grew out of the School, collapsed in 1938. During the next decade, Balanchine did choreography for musical comedies and films. When he was occasionally permitted to choreograph new ballets, he pro-

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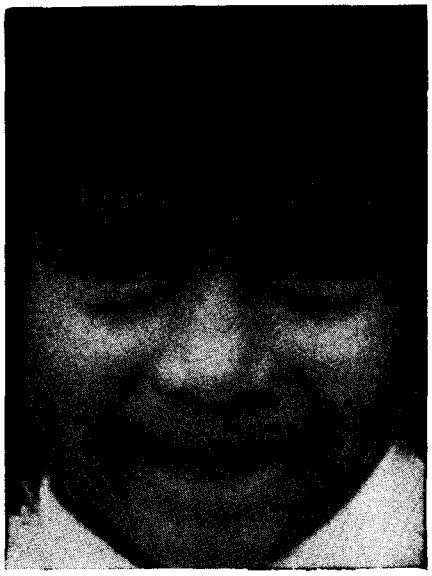

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duced some of his greatest, such as *Concerto Barocco* (1941), *The Four Temperaments* (1946), and *Symphony in C* (1947).

There were, too, of course, the pleasures and the disappointments of his several marriages, to ballerinas with whom he was working, and the warm personal and creative satisfaction of his longtime intimacy and collaboration with Igor Stravinsky. Yet there was to be no real organizational stability until the autumn of 1948, when, again almost accidentally, Balanchine became artistic director of the first American company to enjoy the status of a public institution, the New York City Ballet. In the intervening fifteen years, his achievement has been extraordinarily influential in the cultural life of the United States, and has been recognized throughout the world.

There has also been personal tragedy, but Balanchine permits this to show no more than he permits his greatness to interfere with his clean, workmanlike directness. One is forced to wonder if this is not really the character of all true genius. Temperamental tantrums, chatter about inspiration, public soul-searchings, self-expression and self-indulgence and self-infatuation, narcissistic posturing, and all such related qualities that attach themselves to our conventional image of at least a certain kind of artist—how tawdry they seem when we consider the disciplined impersonality and the genuine self-assurance that permits it in such a man as this!

IN AN AFTERWORD to his biography, Bernard Taper laments the absence of much documentary material that seems to him the advantage of certain other recent biographers. He need not. His publishers have furnished his book with handsome photographs that serve better than documents. More than that, as Taper's spare and unpretentious style is right for his subject, so are his proportions and his order. Taper reports directly, but with understatement; earnestly, but with humor; sympathetically, but without intrusion or exaltation. It is almost as if the discipline with which Balanchine controls his dancers had been extended to his biographer.

The Masks He Wore

HILTON KRAMER

APOLLINAIRE: POET AMONG THE PAINTERS, by Francis Steegmuller. *Farrar, Straus. $6.50.*

Poets who become myths in their own lifetime can seldom be wholly restored to the mundane realm of historical factuality. The boundary separating fiction from fact becomes blurred. An accumulation of stories, jokes, caricatures, and speculation generates a literary conception that may, for the poet no less than for posterity, come to dominate the more workaday facts of his life, and eventually even preside over the way his work passes into the future.

In writing this new biography of the French poet Guillaume Apollinaire, the first by an American, Francis Steegmuller has undertaken to separate, as scrupulously as possible, the writer from his myth. "It is the facts of Apollinaire's life that are the subject of this book," says Mr. Steegmuller in his preface, and this turns out to be truer than one at first suspects. Relying heavily on French specialists in Apollinaire studies, to three of whom he dedicates his book, Mr. Steegmuller has produced a very readable and forthright account of one of the most attractive personalities in modern literary history. Yet even he seems uneasily aware that "the facts" themselves may not be sufficient in dealing with a life as elusive and complex as Apollinaire's; "the light they cast," Mr. Steegmuller remarks, "has not dispelled the aura of myth and unreality always associated with his name."

APOLLINAIRE died in 1918 at thirty-eight, and has long been regarded as the very prototype of the avant-garde poet in the twentieth century. Into a short life marked in equal degrees by scandal, pathos, and authentic achievement, he managed to crowd an almost incredible quantity of literary activity. He was friend, critic, and publicist to the principal painters of the school of Paris—among them Picasso, Braque,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 92

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
93 34 56 70 120 Faithful serf of Cedric in Ivanhoe.

B
166 83 150 180 126 218 162 French-born pirate and smuggler. (fl. c. 1814).

C
75 220 189 194 64 92 173 46 48 53 4 Pertaining to the process of deriving strict logical consequences from premises.

D
18 156 61 20 110 224 204 An archbishop or first among bishops.

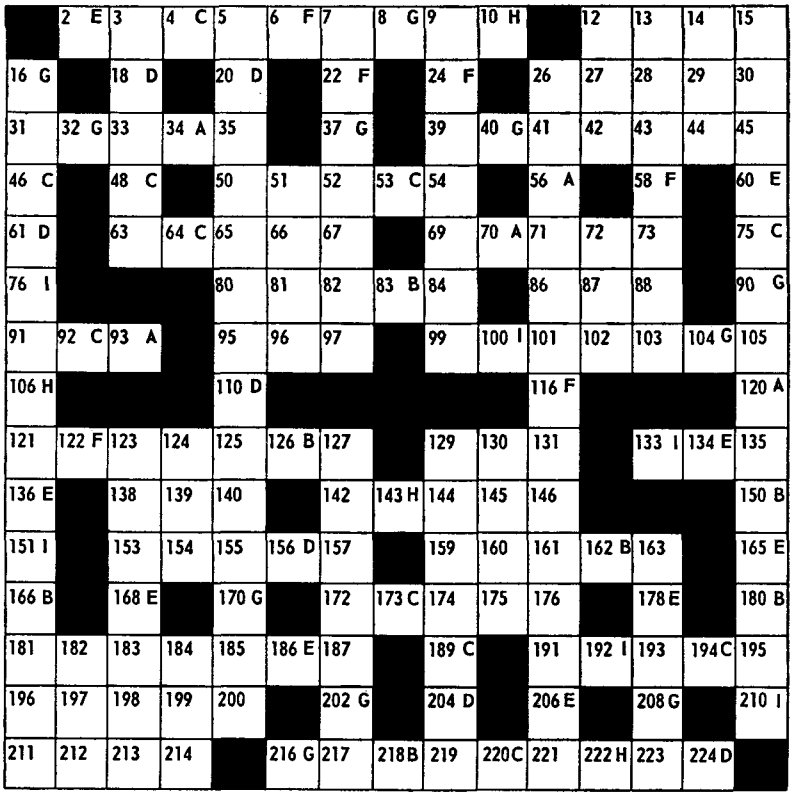
E
136 134 178 2 60 206 168 186 165 Bay where Argentia is located.

F
6 22 24 58 116 122 A popular item in women's dress a few seasons ago.

G
202 40 216 32 8 16 90 37 208 104 170 Astronomical phenomenon popular to lovers (1,6,4).

H
143 222 106 10 "The gallows in my garden, people say, / Is new and _____ and adequately tall." G.K. Chesterton, "A Ballade of Suicide."

I
192 151 100 76 210 133 The thing essential in the model in candid photography (2,4).



ACROSS

2. The vocation of the Acrostician.
12. Contrary phrase about Safi (2,2).
26. Cathedral town or tour.
31. In the back it's a symbol of disloyalty by one almost illegitimate (1,4).
39. Coal passer or decorator.
50. New capital at the bar.
63. Erect an old insular kingdom.
69. Bees have nothing but fat here.
80. Navigational aid used in naval or any other kind of ships.
86. Bart's title is or was knight.
91. That which is unused is reported when carried to three quarters.
95. The French in an improbable situation.
99. Points to the spoon for gun support.
121. It's lust to musicians.
129. A river island in Caithness.
133. A sprite who beheads a backward flea.
138. Small international telephone company found with split testing instruments.
142. Puts an _____ something noted before (3,2).
153. The French ran about but we do this in school.
159. Postpone the fee for the doctor.
172. Reman the post and equip the men with weapons.
181. Pertaining to any epic. The Cid should be brought up last.
191. Bury what's between.
196. Affected speeches with scant alterations.
211. Why I go ascetic.
216. Purposing to keep spirit up somehow after interest reaches the end (var. sp.).

DOWN

3. Choose, I sea, a certain nerve.
5. Victorian furniture where a kind of tree grows, possibly in Kew (8,6).
7. These figures appear to be useful as narcotics.
9. Coldfield, and the place in Surrey, but certainly the Lexingtons.
12. Weapon used in fear mostly.
13. Mathematicians or seasons.
14. Anger in the 211 religion.
15. The expertise of the Acrostician as revealed by him, but not with the ladies abroad (7,7).
16. Another field of the Acrostician, but more domestic (8,6).
26. Over and over again. Calendar events from the brain, apparently (5,3,2,4).
51. What the ball is kicked with when the player ate nothing (1,3).
72. In its inner compulsion, it's described as original.
123. Not quite upset, but leaning that way.
124. Adherent glows in white heat (suffix).
127. Like certain Indians or a Roman philosopher.
129. What lawyers do to the bill (To feed a district attorney? Perhaps) (3,1,3).
130. The way to Rome led to a second tier, perhaps.
163. No tar on the Santa Fe Trail or in Florida, either.
182. Chinese official is no good colloquially when taken long, but is confused.
184. Filipino Negrito from an island but not 129 across.

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #91

A	L	G	E	R	I	A	■	F	A	N	C	I	E	R
S	■	L	■	H	■	L	■	L	■	O	■	G	■	E
P	R	O	P	E	R	F	R	A	C	T	I	O	N	S
I	■	A	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	H	■	I
R	A	T	E	D	■	T	E	S	T	F	L	I	N	G
I	■	I	■	A	■	■	■	I	■	I	■	M	■	N
N	O	N	C	E	W	O	R	D	■	T	R	O	T	S
■	■	G	■	■	■	V	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	■
I	O	W	A	N	■	E	N	D	P	A	P	E	R	S
N	■	I	■	E	■	R	■	■	■	L	■	B	■	U
C	O	N	C	O	R	D	E	D	■	L	E	E	D	S
I	■	N	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	T	■	P
T	H	E	P	O	W	E	R	S	T	H	A	T	B	E
E	■	R	■	M	■	S	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	N
D	I	S	M	A	Y	S	■	E	N	T	E	R	E	D

Acrostician—

AHMED BEN BELLA

Matisse, Derain, Delaunay, and Vlaminck—long before their fame assured them a sympathetic public. He organized literary groups, edited little magazines, and collaborated on literary manifestos. He was at once a scholar, a pornographer, and a bright literary columnist. Above all, he was a poet of great power and originality. His two books of verse, *Alcools* (1913) and *Calligrammes* (1918), mark an important transition from the Symbolist aesthetics of the nineteenth century to the freer and more experimental modes of poetry in the twentieth century. Both in his writing and his person, Apollinaire bestrides the world of French art and letters in the decade preceding the First World War with an energy and a brilliance that are scarcely equaled by any other single personality. In paintings by Picasso and Rousseau and de Chirico, in the writings of Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, and others, he has remained a permanent presence.

Mr. Steegmuller brings this period—the period of Fauvist, Cubist, and Futurist art, of the *Mercure de France* and *Les Soirées de Paris*, of grubby studios, noisy dinners, and sublime artistic ideals—to vivid life while at the same time exercising a fastidious scholarly tact in tracing the course of a life steeped in legend and mystification. Mr. Steegmuller has, moreover, had the happy idea of calling upon the American poet William Meredith to provide translations of some of the major poems, and these, together with Mr. Steegmuller's own translations and the French originals, are inserted into the text more or less chronologically, somewhat in the way art historians provide reproductions of the paintings they are talking about. The presence of these poems in the text keeps the reader's attention firmly fixed on Apollinaire's identity as a serious and accomplished writer, acting as a brake against some of the more extravagant anecdotes; and combined with the generous quotations from letters, essays, and memoirs, this scattered anthology of Apollinaire's verse provides a kind of profile of his literary progress. (As an appendix, Mr. Steegmuller also supplies a complete translation of Apollinaire's important essay on "The New Spirit and the Poets.")

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Between this vivid reconstruction of a period and the concrete achievement of his poetry, however, fall "the facts" of Apollinaire's life. If, despite its many virtues, one is finally disappointed by Mr. Steegmuller's book, it is because of the attitude he has taken toward the very facts he has so carefully marshaled. In *Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters,* the reader confronts a familiar phenomenon in modern literary research: the distance—mainly psychological, but in the end spiritual too—that separates the comfortable scholar of impeccable literary manners from his irrepressible bohemian subject. There is a failure of empathy in this book that even the most scrupulous scholarship cannot redeem, for it colors the facts themselves and alters their meaning.

LET ME CITE two issues, both of which were central to Apollinaire's life as a writer and a man, on which this failure makes itself felt. The first is Apollinaire's work as an art critic; the second is his interest in pornography.

Apollinaire at times earned an erratic living as an art critic. He produced, among other writings, one of the first books about the Cubists. This aspect of his literary career is characterized by one overwhelming fact: he was consistently among the first to praise and defend practically every important painter of his generation on the Paris scene. That he was no art historian delivering final judgments on the niceties of style is not to be disputed. What he had in abundance, however, was an instinct for discovering artistic quality in new and unfamiliar forms. To the exercise of this instinct Mr. Steegmuller responds as follows: "For innovation in art Apollinaire had an erratic flair, like that of a hound who picks up too many scents, and he did a good deal of happy, excited barking about it." The kind of enthusiasm Apollinaire lavished on his artist-friends' work is obviously of that untidy, unscholarly sort that is repellent to a fastidious literary scholar who, fifty years later, has come into full possession of "the facts." It is apparently so repellent *that Mr. Steegmuller cannot even* bring himself to deal with the main body of Apollinaire's critical writings, and instead cites the negative testimony of painters in their old age who, in the standard response of artists to critics the world over, are positively delighted to discredit the reputation of their first defender.

Mr. Steegmuller takes a similar position on Apollinaire's interest in pornography. Apollinaire wrote pornographic novels for a living at a time when he was very hard up financially, and he edited a series of pornographic classics. He thus became a scholar and bibliographer in this shadowy literary realm, and helped produce a bibliographical reference work on the subject that is apparently still in use at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Mr. Steegmuller seems rather embarrassed by all this. Instead of attempting what any reader of Apollinaire's verse, in which erotic fantasy plays so crucial a role, might expect—a critical and psychological examination of the connection between the poet's abiding interest in pornographic writing and his own erotic imagery, itself usually invoked in the wake of love affairs that failed—Mr. Steegmuller undertakes, incredibly, to defend Apollinaire against a bad name: "He has often been unfavorably viewed because of his willingness to be immersed to such a degree in a kind of literature that even in France is apt to be sold under the counter. This no doubt reflects a certain aspect of his personality and interests. However, the reader of Apollinaire never feels that this is the area of his greatest artistic concentration: rather, he seems to have practiced the genre as a sideline, not scorning it, but well aware of its limitations."

This is simply too genteel to be borne, and does violence to Apollinaire's real temperament. Just as his enthusiastic respect for the new painting led to the increased modernization of his own poetic style, his absorption in pornography affected the way he dealt with his own experience—indeed, with his life. It is a pity that Mr. Steegmuller has been moved—by his own temperament, I think, rather than by any demonstrable "facts"—to discredit as myths what were infinitely more important to Apollinaire's life as a writer than many of the facts he has gathered in this lively but unsatisfactory book.

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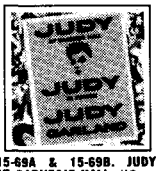

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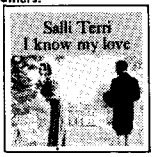

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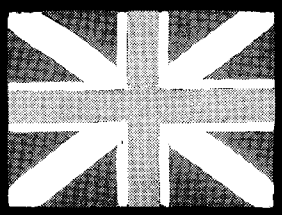

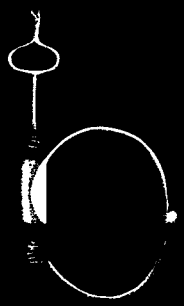

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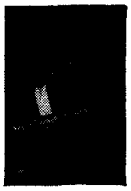

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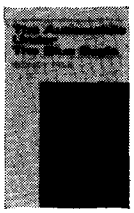

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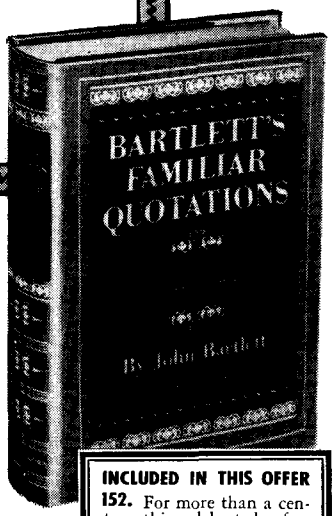

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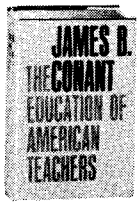

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